MOCK SONGS
AND
Joking Poems,
All Novel;

Consisting of Mocks to several late Songs about the Town.

With other
NEW SONGS,
AND
INGENIOUS POEMS
Much in use at *Court*, and both Theaters.

Never before Printed.

By the Author of Westminster *Drollery.*

LONDON,
Printed for *William Birtch*, at the Peacock in the *Poultry*, near *Old-Jury*. 1675.

25267.23

1878, Sept. 2.
Minot [illegible].
$15.00

MOCK SONGS, AND Joking Poems.

SONG. 1.

The Reſolute Gallant.

Tune is, *Farewel unkind one, ſince you ſo deſign, &c.*

F e're I love again, Boyes,
Nanny ſhall be ſhe:
But twenty 'tis to ten, boyes,
She ne're will fancy me;
For I have been a mad Rogue,
From Twelve to Thirty-One.
To Drink, and Kiſs,
And court a Miſs,
Was Second unto none:
Yet now 'tis time to VVed, boyes,
VVhen Coin and Credit's gone.

Once I had a pretty Miſs,
Vou'd Sing, and Dance and Play,
And ſit and Court, and Clip, and Kiſs,
A live-long Summers day.

And so we did contrive,
Until her Purse did fail:
Then I began,
To play the Man,
And hoisted up my Sail;
And like an Arrant Haggard,
To her turn'd the Tail.

Now must I to *Nanny* go,
And let her know my mind;
Sh'as Wit, and Chink, and beauty too,
And still to me was kind:
But if she does refuse me,
Pox take her, let her go:
I'le Hunt about,
The Town throughout,
In chace of many moe;
And confident I am, boyes,
There's few can say me no.

SONG. 2.

A Mock to a Lover I am, and a Lover I'le be.

And to that Tune.

A Drunkerd I am, and a Drunkerd I'le dye,
And the sight of a brimmer does cherish my eye,
Though my guts are so full, there's no room for a drop
Yet

Yet methinks 'tis a pleasure to bob at the Cup,
Which bobing and smelling, so settles my brain,
That without any sleeping, I fall too't again.

With Cup after Cup, I still keep in motion, (an:
Till my brains dance *Lavalto's* like ships on the Oce-
When my Senses are pal'd, and you think I'm slain,
The scent of a Celler revives me again:
Then hey for God *Bacchus*, the Prince of us all,
'Tis he I adore, and for evermore shall.

SONG 3.

A Mock, to I pass all my hours in a shady old Grove.

And to that Tune.

I Pass all my hours with a dingy old Punk,
And she lives not a day, but she's sure to be drunk:
I survey all the parts of this over-worn Jade,
And find th: for thirty years has been decay'd.
O then 'twas, and now 'tis, that there's no such hell
Then with an old Beldam to dwell.

She needs must be conscious she's old: but the Trot,
Though she looks in her Glass, yet believes she is not
When I see but the print of her shape where she's lain
I scarcely from weeping mine eyes can restrain:
O then twas, and now 'tis, that there's no such hell

Than with an Old beldam to dwell.

When alone by our ſelves we both are in bed,
Then I wiſh I'de been hang'd, before I'de been wed,
She nearer will creep to my ſide.
And do all that I can ſhe there will abide:
O then twas, and now tis, that there's no ſuch hell
Than with an Old beldam to dwell.

But when I conſider the wealth ſhe bid bring,
And the love ſtill to me ſhew'd in every thing,
I fear I have wrong'd her; yet wiſh with her chrams,
She ſtill may be lockt in another mans arms.
O then boys, O then, there's no joy above
Like her abſence; her obſence in love.

A Mock to, on the Bank of a Brook.

And to that Tune.

ON the ſide of a Hill, as I was Piſſing,
(Within a Thicket, cloſe by a Wood-ſide)
I over-heard a Lad and a Laſs Kiſſing,
Which through the Wood was quickly eſpy'd;
I then left of piſſing, to ſee and to hear
What that Kiſſing Couple did there.

O

O ſays the Shepherd, piſh, why this denying;
Come, come, your Mother did once do the ſame:
Thoſe are good Natur'd Girls, that are complying:
Fye, fye, my *Molly*: indeed y'are to blame,
'Tis kindneſs that makes me love you ſo well,
And then we afford ye, what *Robin* gave *Nell*.

Come ſays ſhe, then let's leave this p'ace behind us,
(For Hedges have Ears, and Buſhes have Eyes)
Into a private nook, where none may find us,
There we ſome pretty ſport, both will deviſe:
So then from all ſpyes we both ſhall be free,
But, O what a World of pleaſure 'twill be.

SONG. 5.

A Mock to, I will go to my Love where he lyes in the Deep. And to that Tune.

I Will go to my Love, where ſhe lyes in the Park,
(At the Lodg cal'd St. *Whetſtones*) before it be dark
Where we'l ſleep; when awake, the kind Fidlers ſhall play
And the Coaches to *Maribone* draw us away.

My Love ſhe ha's Money, of which ſhe is free,
And of all the Deer in the Park, ſtill kindeſt to me;
Though the reſt of the Crew there, do envy our bliſs,
Yet there's none of e'n a'l, that can teach us to kiſs.

My Love ſhe do's lye as well it is known,
(Which is ſtrange in that place) in a bed of her own
I will kiſs her dear Lips, while her Money do's laſt,
But when it is gone, to another I'le haſt.

SONG. 4.

A Drunken Mock, to come away my Daphne.

COme my bully-rock away,
VVe do waſt this drinking day,
Tis *Roger* calls, what News you Sot,
Come ſee you Rogue what I have got,
For *Bacchus* ſtill provides,
Brisk Wine, to ſtuff our hides;
VVere I ſhut up, in Cellar deep,
I'de firſt be Drunk, before I'de Sleep.

You Lazy Dog make haſte,
The VVine will ſpoyl and waſte:
VVith good Sack, and Clarret I
VVill for ever live and dye:
And from bung hole never ſtray,
Till thee and I, have ſuckt it quite away.

Chorus.

VVe'l Drink and Sleep, and then we'l ſnore,
That *Bacchus* he,

May daily ſee,
The bubbing Glee,
'Twixt thee and me,
And never will give o're,
VVhilſt we good VVhite or Clarret ſee.

SONG. 5.

On a Young Gentleman Kil'd in the laſt Engagement at Sea.

Tune of, Farewell my Armida, my joy.

POor *Arinda* in an Arbour lay ſleeping,
Drown'd in her tears, and ſurrounded with grief
She'd ſometimes be ſtarting and then fall a weeping,
Blaming her Fate that deny'd her Relief:
And then ſhe began to unfold her ſad Tale,
And often with ſighings her Fate did bewail,
And at every ſigh, ſhe'd ſtill cry, ay me;
My deareſt doth lye Entomb'd in the Sea.

I lov'd him with paſſion, yet ne're let him know it,
always returning his Love with diſdain,
So great was my folly, I never wou'd ſhow it,
Which woe is me, is the cauſe of my pain,
He grieved at his fate, and my cruelty too,
And vow'd he would bid me for ever adieu:
'Tis I am the cauſe of my hopeleſs eſtate,

And fain would repent, but alas 'tis too late.

Then deareſt *Palæmon*, my tears do intreat thee,
Pardon my folly, 'twas I was in fault,
And though not in life, yet in death I will meet thee,
Knowing my fate has the deareſt been bought,
For thou in the bed of Honour did'ſt dye,
But I in the flames of Affliction muſt lye;
Repenting my fooliſh and diſmal diſdain,
Till death puts an end to my torturing pain.

SONG. 6.

Sir Grigory Cow T—— *on his Miſtreſs, Madam* Dowzabell.

Tune of, *To drive the Cold Winter away.*

I Now will not fail,
To tell you a Tale,
Of a Miſtreſs I had of late,
Which when you do hear,
I know you will ſwear,
She never yet had her mate:
Her beauty was ſuch,
Of which but a touch
At preſent; the reſt by and by:
by which you will find,
both before and behind,

How

How her excellent parts did lye.

And firſt for her hair,
Twas lovely and fair,
And deeper dye then a Carret:
So finely twas clung,
Like Dag-locks it hung;
Tis pitty that any ſhould mar it,
So ſweetly it ſtuck
Together, his luck
Was better then mine cou'd undo it:
For ſhe ne're uſ'd a Comb,
For this ten years at home,
For fear ſome hurt ſhould come to it.

So ſmooth was her brow,
As if that the Plough,
Of late ſome Furrows had made:
So deep and ſo fine,
And ſtrait as a Line,
As if't had been done with a Spade:
So finely it hung
O're her eyes, along
To Sheild e'm from danger and pain;
And ſerv'd her inſtead,
Of a Pent-houſe indeed,
To keep e'm from Sun and Rain.

Her eyes lookt a skew
One black, to'ther blew,

And one ſtood higher then to'ther:
One ſmall, to'ther great,
'Twas pleaſant to ſee't.
They were ſo like one another,
Sure ſomething was in't,
That when ſhe did ſquint,
You'd think ſhe look'd quite from you:
But there lyes the Jeſt,
When you thought upon leaſt,
She look'd directly upon you.

Her Noſe large and ſtrong,
And ſtood out ſo long,
Juſt like to a Promontory:
From whence ſhe wou'd drop,
Some Pearls from the top,
VVhen ever ſhe came before ye:
So far did her Snout,
Alwas ſtand out,
Like the *Gnomon* on the Dial;
That when Teeth appear,
And the day be cleer,
The hours of the day we may ſpy all.

Yet ſome heretofore,
Said her Noſe was not ſore,
And often did put a ſlur on't:
But tho'e that do know her,
Will Swear't can't be ſu'e,
Becauſe it is always Currant.

But one ſeeing her Noſe
And Chin, did ſuppoſe,
VVhen firſt he look'd on her face,
That ſhe certainly drew,
Her pedigree true,
From Old Mother *Shiptons* Race.

Her Lips were as white,
As Silver out-right,
And ſtill their Colour did hold,
And thatch't they were ſo,
Both above and below,
With Hair to keep out the cold:
Her mouth was ſo wide,
From ſide unto ſide,
That a large penny-loaf would go
VVith much eaſe intoo't;
Being buttered to boot,
VVith the Cream that hangs thereto.

Nay, ſome do ſuppoſe
She deſcended was,
From the Sparrows by her Mother:
Becauſe that her Mouth
To tell you the Truth,
Did reach from one Ear to to'ther:
Her Teeth had the hue
Of a delicate blew,
And each from other did ſtand,
A ptetty way out,

To look well about,
For fear ſhe ſhould be Trappan'd.

Yet ſome man that knew,
She had but a few,
Did ſay, poor heart ſhe was glad,
To let e'm ſtand out,
Like Centinels ſtout,
To ſecure the reſt that ſhe had:
Her Chin was ſo ſmall,
And hooked withal,
That up it came to her Noſe;
VVhich when they did meet,
Did Neighbourly treat,
A difference to compoſe.

And the reaſon was,
If you'd know the cauſe,
Becauſe that her Teeth were then,
but newly faln out,
And it was no doubt
For to reconcile e'm agen:
Plump Cheeks ſhe did hate,
Cauſe her's fell of late,
And flat as a Pancake lay:
Some dimples there were,
VVhich made her to ſwear,
But now they are worn away.

And then for the Roſe,

VVhich

VVhich Nature beſtows,
On many Cheeks in the Town,
She'l ſay 'tis a Paint,
And cry, O fye on't,
'Cauſe her's is a deep dyed brown:
So ſweet was her Tongue,
When ever ſhe ſung,
No Tongue cou'd ever come near it:
Her Singing though ſoft,
Yet if't be too oft,
'Twill make them deaf that do hear it.

But her Singing aloud,
Of which ſhe is proud,
You then will hear ſuch a voice,
That the Hills though two Mile,
From thence vvill recoyl,
And Eccho ſtill to the Noiſe:
Her Tongue vvas ſo neat,
And very compleat,
That if you had ſeen together,
The Tongue of a Covv
And her's: you vvou'd vovv,
That ſhe had the lovli'ſt of either.

And vvhen ſhe did ſpeak,
Her mind for to break,
She had ſuch a liſping vvay;
Do all that vve cou'd
We ſcarce underſtood,

One word of ten she did say:
One seeing her Neck,
With Furrows bedeckt,
Did ask what Corn there did lye,
He was told not a bit,
Of Barley or Wheat,
'Twas certainly all awry.

Now some men may ask,
Why her Neck so tacks
About: and the reason is this,
Although they mistook,
When they said she did look
As if she expected a kiss:
But I for her sake,
Will prov't a mistake,
What need she for that to sue te'ye,
For when they did gaze,
But one once on her face,
They thought her the Queen of beauty.

Her Skin it was Tawny,
Her Arms thick and brawny;
And I'le warrant you for a Button,
Her hands are so fair,
You'd think e'm a pair
Of good large Shoulders of Mutton:
Though her fingers be short,
Yet she has a sort
Of Nails, like the Claws of a *Bittern*:

And fitteſt they are,
For the uſe they are for,
To warble it on her Cittern.

Her breſts they were flat,
becauſe they ſhould not,
Deſtroy her delicate frame:
For ſome of her Kin,
With Child oft have been,
Which much did impaire the ſame:
Plump-breſts ſhe do's hate,
Her's hang down in ſtate;
And each againſt other ſwags:
That ſome men have ſaid,
They did look indeed,
Like two empty Leather-bags.

Her back bove her Rump,
Is lovely and plump,
That ſome have her Credit defil'd:
by being too free,
In ſaying that ſhe,
Was always behind with Child;
but truly I don't
believe it: nor won't;
Perhaps they may come to wooe her,
but it ne're can ſink,
In any mind to think,
That any would offer it to her.

I can't ſay ſhe's grac't,
At all with a Waſt,
Yet ſcarce one among fifty,
But ſtraiter is lac'd,
So having no Waſt,
You'l ſay ſhe muſt needs be thrifty:
Of her Thighs ſhe boaſts,
Being like to the poſts,
Of a Wind-mill large and ſtout;
And the wind that do's come,
From her delicate bum,
Will whisk you the Sails about.

And then for the ſcent,
VVhen ſhe gives it vent,
Her Bung-hole will loudly puff,
Out a Hogo ſo ſtrong,
That no Pen, nor Tongue,
Is able to praiſe it enough,
Indeed 'twas ſo ſweet,
That I think it meet,
To tell you when in we were come,
Do all that we cou'd,
Twou'd adone on's heart good,
Then to be out of the Room.

You'l think it was ſtrong
VVhen it laſted ſo long,
That if you in two hours ſpace,
Had come in the Room,

You'd find the Perfume,
Almoſt as ſtrong as it was:
Nay, ſhe had ſuch an Art,
In Letting a F-----,
I mean for the Noiſe and Smell;
Which if you did hear,
In that you wou'd ſwear,
She all her Sex did excell.

Her Legs are as ſtrait
As a Rams-horn: but yet
Some Men can not refrain
To ſay, She was born
By'r Legs, at the Horn
In the middle of *Crooked-lane*.
When ſhe goes in the Town,
She will popp up and down
Her pretty head, in the Streets;
That ſome did not ſtick
To ſay, ſhe had a trick.
To bow to all that ſhe meets.

That ſlander's took off,
'Cauſe ſome Men may ſcoff
At her, and ſay, ſhe's proud;
But if it were ſo,
Being handſome, you know
A little pride is alow'd:
For pride in a woman,
You know is as common,

As Milk to a Suckling Babie:
Then pray give it o're,
And ſlander no more
My *Mis*, that's as meek as may be.

And then for her Feet,
'Cauſe her Heels do meet,
Perhaps ſome Men may her ſtout:
But hark you, my Friend,
Thoſe that Dancing intend,
Their Toes muſt alwaies keep out.
Come ſtop not your Noſe,
Now I'am come to her Toes;
To ſay they ſtink 'tis unmeet;
For I do proteſt,
I ſpeak't not in Jeſt.
They ſtink no more then her Feet.

Her Small was ſo bigg,
A Man burnt his Wigg
To try which was biggeſt about;
Her Calf and her Small;
And h'had done all,
T'was even from the Knee to th Foot:
One bid her on Veal,
To Feed every Meal;
Which made her VVorſhip to laugh:
Your reaſon quoth ſhe,
VVhy, truly ſayes he,
T'will make you increaſe in the Calfe.

Her

Her Inſtep was low,
And thick, you muſt know;
And ſo was her lovely Shin:
Her Ancles were gone,
That the Devil a one,
Were on her Legs to be ſeen.
She ner'e gave warning
VVhen ſhe roſe i'th morning,
VVe knew't by'th ſmell preſently;
For the Hogo's ſo great,
But more if ſhe ſweat,
'Tis ſmelt ſome four Stories high.

A Neighbour did ſay,
She'd an excellent way
To Inrich bad Land that is Spent;
So much wou'd ſhe ſweat,
As ſhe walkt with heat,
To Lard the Lean Earth as ſhe went:
This I never knew;
But ſince it is true,
VVee'l Take a Farm that is Barren.
And inſtead of a Cart,
VVee'l Muck it by the art
Of my dear ſweet Maid Marrion.

Some think I her flout,
When I ſay ſhe's about
More then a large Cow in the waſt:
But hark you, d'ee hear,

You'd ſay if you ſee her,
My words are not much miſplac'd,
For my eyes are dim,
To compare with him
Who ſayes (which made me to laugh) :
She was ſo big throughout,
One cou'd not go about
Her, at leaſt in an hour and half.

Nay, beſides all this,
(Which a happineſs is)
She is in chaſtity zealous,
Becauſe there's no man,
That poſſibly can
Of her, at all be jealous.
And laſt, for her Age,
I now will Ingage,
Shee'l bring ye Youth to content ye :
For her Neighbours ſay,
That at this very day,
She wants two years of twenty.

Now the queſtion is,
Since ſhe's ſuch a *Miſs*,
Where I ſhould wooe her again ;
For if I ſhould doo't,
I fear I may rue it,
She may be Debaucht by ſome Men :
But let come what will,
I will love her ſtill,

In ſpight of Father and Mother:
Nor will I ſpare coſt,
For if ſhe be loſt,
I never ſhall get ſuch another.

Thus the parts ye'ave heard tell,
Of my *Dowzabell*,
Which I have faithfully ſhown.
I hope in my Love,
No Rivals you'l prove,
But let me injoy my own:
For if I ſhould ſeek,
From week unto week,
In City or Country round,
For one of ſuch parts,
And excellent deſerts,
I know there's no ſuch to be found.

SONG. 7.

Here follows Madam Dowzabells *Retort to her Gallant, Sir* Gregory Cowtu----.

Tune of, *And this the Knave of Clubs bears all the ſway*

YOung Ladies all, come liſten a while,
I'le tell ye that will make you ſmile;
Ha! you but ſuch a Man, you'd Vaunt,
As I have now, to my Gallant.

For perſon, and great deſerts,
As you will find by's excellent parts.

And ſince I muſt deſcribe him well.
This for his body I can tell,
It looks juſt bike a Barrel ſet
Quit up an end upon two feet;
Or like a Cloakbagg with a Hat,
With two ſtump feet, juſt under that.

And then for ſtature he is low,
Cauſe tall-men are not wiſe you know;
For th'upper-roomes of houſes tall,
Are furniſht ſtil the worſt of all;
So that you ſee by conſequence,
He muſt have ſtore of witt and ſence.

His Head it is o'th the largeſt ſize,
By which you muſt conclude he's wiſe;
For a great-head has little wit,
And a little-head has ne're a whit;
Which miſtery plainly doth us tell
That he in wit doth moſt excell.

His Haire is of ſo deep a red,
It ſtrikes the pureſt Scarlet dead,
And hangs as if his head were Crown'd
With Flocks, ſweetly dangling round.
And looks as if it twiſted were
By nature: for no Combe comes there.

His

His forehead is so very low,
You scarce can see his wrincled brow:
Some say he's beetle brow'd likewise,
Because it hangs so o're his eyes,
For to defend him day by day,
From any harme may come that way.

His Eyes would make on's own to dazle,
Cause one is gray; & to'ther Hazle;
So fine, so small, to deep, so hollow.
You'd think his head his eyes did swallow,
From which profoundity doth come
A dayly creame, that sticks like gumm;

His eyes are circled with a red,
So pure it striks Vermilion dead;
By which, and smalness they avere it,
That he had eyes just like a Ferret:
So that at first they did devise
To call him only ferret eyes.

His face is round and Ovall to.
Yet like a Cross in outward show,
For's brow and chin are picked both,
But's Cheekes are of a lusty growth,
So high, so Plump, so round, so fair,
Just like a naturall Trumpetter.

Some have Noses that are high
And some have Noses quit awry,

And some broad noses have, that are
Bucklers to the face, in time of ware.
He thinks all noses a disgrace,
Because that his lye flat to's face.

If any his is the snuffling nose,
Cause when he tells his tale, he'll lose,
No snuffling art, to helpe him out;
That those which heard him were in doubt,
What Language he that time did speake,
Nay some have call'd it Heathen Greeke.

And likewise by his breath he may,
A Trumpetter, be call'd they say,
Because it is so wonderous strong:
And holds it out so very long.
And those which sound a Trumpet well
Must have strong breath we all can tell.

His Lipps they both are black and blew,
And never hair on ether grew,
One ask't how chance the hair was missing,
He said for fear't should spoyle his kissing.
His Teeth when they appear'd in view,
Were of a comely watchet hew.

His Nec's so short you can't perceive it
Which maks me willing now to leave't,
And come unto his Armes which are,
So finely short, you'd think they were

Like

Like two Bag-puddings: at which was
Hands that were like, a Beares two pawes,

And though his hands and fingers were,
So very short: yet he had there
Such lovely Nails; for length: in lieu
Of the shortness of the othe two,
Some two Inches were: yet I confess,
That some were more, and some were less.

His Back was round and wonderous high,
Much like a Globe to study by:
One which came out two splinter-bones,
Joyn'd at top, as't were for the nonce,
So that a paire (we might 'em call)
Of Compasses, to worke withall:

Nay some when first they saw his back,
Did say it was fit to beare a pack,
And that he'd excellent porter make,
By's naturall Roul upon his back;
And others said, which was much worse,
That sure a Camell was his Nurse.

Sure he was not so very a Beast,
To such another: yet i'th East,
Your Camells milk is good they say,
And drink't they do both night and day;
But howsoever one that met him,
Did think a Camell did beget him.

His Belly was ſo round about,
That half a yard t'is ſtanding out,
That when he has a mind to dine
There is no place, for bread and wine;
And meat beſide (it is no fable)
And ſerves him for an excellent table.

And when he is pleaſ'd to eate,
He will have every day freſh meat;
A Joynt or two, and that's the leaſt
Some times to three, it is increaſt.
And this muſt be the very cheef,
And lovely'ſt part of all the beef;

That is about the neck you know,
Whether it be, of Oxe, or Cow;
And ſometimes for a ſecond Courſe,
A large beaſts liver: but never the worſe;
Vnleſs this is not to be had,
Then with worſs meat he will be glad.

All which he whipps up in a triee,
For he in's diet is nothing nice;
And yet theſe coſtly diſhes muſt,
Be thrice a day provided juſt:
And at the cloſe of every meall,
He eates a peck of Appls ſtill.

Beſides three pound of Suffolk Chees,
Not all at once, but by degrees;

And drinks but three times at a meale,
twelve quarts in all, that's no great deale,
If more, he could not in have trol'd it,
For how cou'ds little belly hold it.

He Sings so sweet we all do know,
That if a peece of Ordinance goe
Off at that time, under your eare
Yet if you did his Singing heare,
You'd find his loud inchanting voyce,
VVou'd drown that great, and thundering noise.

No Lyon sings so sweet as he,
Nor braying Asse more pleasantly;
Nor Bellowing Bull, or Lowing Cow
Does sing so well as he we know;
Nor howling Dogg, or grunting Sow,
Sings half so sweet as he does now.

His Thighs are wonderous bigg about,
And so'r his Leggs from knee to foot,
No difference is twix leggs and thighs,
Cause both are of an even size;
From the top of's thigh unto his foot,
The least part's half a yard about.

His Feet they are so very short,
VVe may compar'em in any sort,
Vnto a horse foot; as they say
Because his toes are worne away.

That

That when he's Pleas'd to walk about,
He ſtumps it quit the ſtreets throughout.

But when that you do ſee him dance,
You never ſaw the like in *France*,
For running bory, or corrant
You l ſee the worth of my gallant.
He'd ſtump it out ſo rarely well,
That *Banks* his horſs, he doth excell.

But when you ſee him dance a Jegg,
Never was ſuch a nimble grigg;
More faſt then Snail he trips about,
Yet ne're in time or figure out;
He that dances the beſt in town can't,
Foot it ſo ſmooth as my Gallant.

Some ſay that he's an arrent Sott,
And ſo by that his credit ſpott;
Which may be a means to ſpile his match:
But I that ſtill do by him watch;
Can excuſe him, and ſafely ſay,
He's never drunk above twice a day.

Laſt I muſt Sound his Valour out,
For never man was half ſo ſtout,
No *Clireas* ever fought ſo wel,
When he on great *Dametas* fell;
Yet they two were, I dare ingage,
The greateſt Champions, of that age;

Thus

Thus have you heard the ſtory true,
Of my Gallant and's vertues too;
How every vertue did him grace,
And every one, in there due place;
With all's parts, inward, and outward,
And's name's cal'd Sr *Grigory Cow-t*---.

SONG. 8.

The Shepheard, and the Milkmaid;

The Tune, *the* 4. *figure Dance at Mr* Youngs *Ball.*

I'le tell you a tale of my Love and I,
How we did often a milking goe;
And when I look't merrily then ſhe wou'd cry,
And ſtill in her fits ſhe did ſo:
At laſt I plainly did tell her my mind,
And then ſhe began to love me,
I aſkt her the cauſe of her being unkind,
She ſaid it was only to prove me.

I then did give her a kiſs or two,
Which ſhe return'd with intereſt ſtill
I thought I had now no more to do
But that with her I might have my will.
But ſhe being taught by her crafty Dad,
Began be to cautious, and wary,
And told me when I my will had had,

The

The divell a bitt I would marry:

So marry'd we were, and when it was o'r
I told her plain in the Parſonage Hall,
That if ſhe had gin me my will before,
The Divell a bit I'de a marry'd at all.
She ſmil'd and preſently told me her mind,
She had vow'd ſhe'd never do more ſo,
Becauſe ſhe was cozen'd in being to kind)
By three or four men before ſo.

SONG. 9.

A Shepheard to his Sweetheart, and her anſwer.

MY Lovely *Philles*,
Since it thy will is,
To Crovvn thy *Damons* head vvith Daffadillies.
See yonder Hill is,
mine, my deare *Phillis*,
Which ſhall be all thine ovvn, not *Amarillis*.
Chorus. For this fooliſh Love, has bought me ſo low
That I fear I ſhall dy if my *Phillis* ſay no.

Then be But kind to me,
And e're I'm joynd to thee,
All my flocks and my Lands ſhall be aſign'd to thee.
My faith I'le vovv to thee,
And promiſs novv to thee,

All

All that thou ſhalt deſire, I vvill alovv to thee.
Chorus. For this fooliſh &c.

I know that wealth may prove,
Oft times a bane to love,
But hope it never will, thy heart from me remove.
My fleecy flocks thou knoweſt,
Are not the leaſt nor moſt,
True love I'de rather have, then in all riches boaſt.
Chorus For this fooliſh love has brought me ſo low.
That I fear I ſhall dye if my *Phillis* ſay no.

SONG. 10.

Her anſwer.

MY deareſt *Damon* now,
I to thy will muſt bow,
And for performance on't, I here do make a vow;
I know that Hill is thine,
Which thou ſay'ſt ſhall be mine;
Yet tis not that which maks me now my heart reſign.
Chorus For this paltry love has ſo chang'd my mind,
I am certain to dye, if my *Damon's* unkind.

And 'fore I am joyn'd to thee,
I will be kind to thee,
Nor ſhall thy flocks and Lands, now be aſigned to me.
I now thy word will take'

And

And here a vow I make,
For to leave all men elſe, for my dear *Damon's* ſake.
Chorus. For this paltry Love, &c.

No wealth ſhall make me prove,
Falſe to my *Damons* love;
And for Teſtators on't, I call the powers above.
In ſigne of Amity,
Our flocks ſhall joyned be,
E're that Conjugall knot is tyed twixt thee and me.
Chorus. For this paltry love has ſo chang'd my mind,
I am certain to dye, if my *Damon's* unkind.

SONG. 11.

The diſcontented Milk maid.

Near to a Grove I chanc't to ſpy.
A pritty buxome Country laſs;
I hid my ſelf i'th Grove there by;
Whil'ſt ſhe ſat milking on the graſs,
O me (ſays ſhe) with grief I ſwell,
Thus to be delay'd ſo long:
And to live a maid ſo long,
Vowing ſhe'd nere lead Apes in hell.

My mother was at fifteen wedd
And did o'th Marryage pleaſure taſte:
Ere ſixteen ſhe was brought to bed;

And I am ſeventeen now, and paſt:
Then did ſhe begin to ſigh and groan,
That her fortune was ſo bad,
And no comfort to be had,
Seeing ſhe ſtill muſt lye alone.

My Mother yet did ne're repent,
That ſhe married was ſo ſoon:
Then have not I my time miſſpent,
That thus have lain ſo long alone?
Then on her Mother rail'd, and ſaid,
Out upon theſe Virgin Beds,
There's no loſs in Maiden-heads,
Nor a greater curſe then dye a Maid.

SONG. 12.

On a Houſe-warming Feaſt.

THere is a place cal'd *Canons-row*,
(Which moſt in *Weſtminſter* do know)
And in a Court within the ſame,
At *Segar Houſe*, ſo cal'd by name;
And 'twas upon the day thirteen
Of cold *December*, and between
The hours, I think of two and three,
A handſome Feaſt I chanc'd to ſee;
Which was, it ſeems, to entertain
Some pretty Ladies with their train:

There also was to attend 'em then,
Some young, but sober Gentlemen;
How young and sober, that's strange you'l say,
This Age affords no such every day:
But 'tis true, I do protest, or
My Dames had ne're came out a door,
And having then so brave a crew,
For Prettynes and humour too;
'Twas pitty but the Feast should be
Answerable to the Company;
And so it was: But yet before
I do describe the Dishes o're,
I must acquaint you with the cause,
Why that same Feast at that time was;
Some cal'd a Goodding, but I don't,
That word (by any means) approve on't:
But I must give't another name,
That's *House-warming*; because they came
To honest *Yaxley* (who was indeed)
Their Master, that they all agreed;
Out oth' respect to him they bore,
For teaching them so well before,
To warm his House, as I remember
So't had need, 'twas in *December*;
And warm'd it was exceeding well:
And I the Dishes now will tell,
With Wine and other things were there
In Ridling Terms, if you will hear.
The first Dish that up was brought,
Was three fat Hens (better fed then taught)

With lovely Bacon red as roſe,
And ſtore of Sprouts to attend thoſe,
Which fortified 'em ſo about,
Till that's deſtroyed, we got none out.
Next Diſh was three Duks, with Larks ſtore,
That in good Sauce was cover'd o're;
All which was put into a Tray,
Here ſent 'em in that very day.

The next Diſh then Gods Beniſon,
Light on him for't, it was a Veniſon
Paſty, large, fat, and eke good cruſt,
Not with a Hogo, as ſome muſt
Have, to ſet it of, but very ſweet,
Which was the cauſe, it went ſo fleet
Of, that we all can boldly ſay,
That Pye went not a begging that day:
And when it came, 'twas piping hot;
But how 'twas ſent it, I've forgot,
Since I don't know, I need not pen it;
But now I think upon't, I ken it:
He's handſome, witty, and good humour too,
Faith for the reſt, give 'em their due.

Next was a large and goodly Pye,
Fil'd with a Gooſe was plump, and high;
With two Rabbets to keep him warm,
Like Gixzards ſtuck under each arm,
With Butter fil'd up to the brim,
That we believ'd the Gooſe did ſwim,

Now as well as when he was alive;
And 'cause the Rabbets could not dive,
And fearing that they then might drown,
Took 'em under's arms up and down:
For she did swim when alive I'me sure,
But to swim dead, I think that's more:
The largeness of it the Table grace't,
And crust as good as e're was taste:
This came not from a High Land we know,
But from a *More*, that's always low
For Geese do gaggle, swim and grase,
Still in *Mores*, both Nights and Days.

The next Dish large was I confess,
With Tarts of all sorts numberless,
That this time of the Year did afford;
And 'twas indeed a Dish for a Lord:
They stood so fine in rank and file,
Which made a Souldier there to smile,
To see 'em marshald in that manner:
Said, there wanted nothing but a Banner,
To make 'em a compleat Company,
The number being full to the eye:
This Dish though t did the Table grace,
Yet it came from a *lower place*,
The Sugar so was crusted on 'em,
Just like *Peas* when the Frost's upon 'em.

The last Dish, of which I now do treat,
Came not toth' Table with the Meat,

But

(But 'twas with Diſh or Tarts ſet up,
Until that they'd a mind to Sup,)
Was a Cake with Plums almoſt to the top,
Which made him blow that brought it up:
'Twas cruſted ſo with Sugar round,
It lookt like Snow upon the ground,
That when we in our Knives did put,
We did that time an inch deep cut
In Sugar, e're we could come at
The Plums: that all which at Table ſat,
At firſt did think't all Sugar throughout;
But when they tryed the ſecond bout,
They found the Plums; which *Currant* were
Well waſht, and cleanly done I le ſwear;
Beſides with ſweet Meats was ſet round,
That ſcarce a vacant place was found:
This Cake in a *Smiths ſhop* was forg'd,
Which was ſo very big, it gorg'd
The Ovens mouth; they forc'd were tak't
Back again, or't had not been bak't:
For it was of ſo great a Size,
They were forc'd to make it Paſty wiſe;
And of the bigneſs of this Cake,
It may be ſome may think I ſpeak
Hyperboles now; far be't from me,
To ſpeak untruths, 'tis verity:
And my good Dame gave me piece on it,
That I three days did feed upon it.
And after they had danc'd their fill,
For Supper then they had a will;

Where that great Cake, and Diſh of Tarts
(Which equally was cut in parts)
Did feaſt ſome twenty Souls that day,
Beſides what each one car'd away.

And then there was ſuch Sider too,
That I do now proteſt to you,
All the Company that were there,
Said, they ſcarce drank better any where;
'Twas not of Pippins, or Pearmaine,
But that which came from Maidenlane,
But red ſtreak right; and 'twas ſo good
Appetite to get, and ſtir the blood,
An't came they ſay, as I do hear,
From's own Country *Herefordſhire*;
But for his name I do proteſt,
I cannot tell which way's the beſt,
To deſcribe it te'e: but now I hat't,
His Surname now I think was that,
That was the *Conquerours* Chriſten name,
If *S* be added to the ſame.

As well as Sider, I now muſt treat,
Of excellent VVine, to this good meat:
There was a Gardiner to this crew,
Though none oth' grapes in's Garden grew;
Yet he at that time with his ſpade,
A Vintners Cellar did invade,
VVhere he digg'd out ſuch excellent VVine,
VVhich he with's pruning hooks did refine;

Of

Of which he then ſent in good ſtore
Of Bottles, more then half a ſcore;
VVho paid for it a luſty rate,
'Cauſe he'ed not hav't Sophiſticate.

The Poſtſcript.

Thus have you heard the Story now,
Of this *Houſe-warming Feaſt* and how
'Twas then brought unto the Table,
(As well as I poor heart am able)
And when the Feaſt, and all was done,
The Gentlemen did every one,
VVhen the departing hour was come,
Attend the pretty Ladies home.

And for the Muſick that was there,
I can no price ſet on't, I'le ſwear
It was ſo good; who did that night,
(Becauſe the Moon did ſhine ſo bright)
Go out a Syranading then,
VVith all thoſe former Gentlemen.
And when they'd done, then back they came,
VVhere every Ladies health by name
VVas drank, with great ſobriety;
And each bid other then God buy.

FINIS.

SONG 13.

The decayed Lady.

The Tune: *When* Aurelia *first I courted:* Or, *To the Gavot.*

WHen first I saw my pretty *Molly*,
She had Youth and Beauty store:
She was Witty, Lively, Brisk, and Jolly,
None cou'd Mistris be of more,
But old Time has made a slaughter,
Of those gloryes did her grace;
And in Liev thereof has brought her
Wrinkles, to supply their place.

She ith' Spring time of her glory,
Wore such Charmes within her Eyes,
That but let her stand before ye,
She wou'd every heart surprize:
But when voice and Lute united
Were, they'd answer'd so in parts,
You'd think the Sphears were all Invited
Then, to Captivate our hearts.

Had you then at Court but seen her
Walk Corrant, or Fory run,
You'd think sh'ad so much life within her,

As

As if ſhe had not danc'd but flown :
But Old creeping Age alas ! has
On her Face been too to bold ,
Which ſhe believ'd not , till her Glaſs has
Now confirm'd ſhe's grown to Old.

Then my *Molly* I adviſe you ,
Never think of Loving more ;
For thoſe Cullyes now deſpiſe ye ,
That admir'd you heretofore :
That which erſt did ſo ellur'em ,
Now's extinct , and fled away ;
Nought but Treats can now procur'em ,
For to make a Minuts ſtay.

SONG 14.

A Friends advice to the diſpairing Lover.

PRethee *Damon* , why ſo pale ,
Is't Love has brought thee to't ?
If looking well will not prevail ,
Sure , looking ill will never do't.

Then chear up Boy , take my advice ,
And drink a Glaſs or two
Of bonny Sack ; 'twill in a trice
To admiration mend thy hue.

VVell how is't now? come th'other Cup,
It 'gins to work a pace,
By that time half a score are up,
A Scarlet dye will cloath thy face.

Thy Countenance being thus refind,
Then to thy cruel Mis,
That Ruddy hue will change her mind,
And doubtless will return a kiss.

For fainting Looks all VVomen hate,
'Tis courage they admire;
And him they'l chuse to be their mate,
That's not compos'd of Earth, but fire.

For Sack is so Divine a thing,
Then which there's nothing better;
If 'twill from her no comfort bring,
'Twill make thee quite forget her.

SONG 15.

The Battle of the Verbes.

Jubeo commanded all the *Verbes* that they
Should meet together on a certain day:
Colligo gathers them; then *Duco* being made
Their Captain, them to'th fight doth lead:
Incipio doth begin the Battle; and

Valiant

Valiant *Pugno* fights him hand to hand;
Clango commands the Trumpet then ſound out:
But *Clamo* he cryes all the Field about:
Poor *Timeo* is affraid: and *Fugio* ſhuns
The Battle: *Sequor* follows: *Curro* runs:
Cedo gives ground, which made bold *Juro* ſwear,
And often call'd for *Veto* to laſt the Rear:
Juvo though long at laſt doth bring him aid,
Yet *Amo's* being in Love made him affraid:
He then bid *Decco* teach him how to wield
His Sword: Says *Lego*, 'twas read to him ith' Field:
And I ſays *Audio* then did hear the ſame:
Troth ſays *Accuſo*, then he's much too blame:
Induo was bid to put his Armour on;
And *Incito* to ſtir him up was wrought upon:
Immediately poor *Jugulos* throat was cut;
Says *Inſtigo*, he egg'd me on to do't.
Lateo lay hid behind a quick ſet hedge,
Which *Video* ſeeing, ſet his teeth an edge,
To make complaint: Says *Haurio*, you will draw
An *Odium* on you ſelf; which when *Cerno* ſaw,
He bid *Acceſſo* not provoke too much:
'Twou'd put, ſays *Pono*, courage in a Dutch-
Man in the next Line: *Liveo* then was beat
Quite black and blew, by *Retro*'s back retreat:
And *Salio* then over the Ditch would leap,
But *Ajo* ſaid it was too broad and deep:
Dimico in skirmiſh got two wounds that bled,
And at his feet poor *Morior* ſoon lay dead:
Sepelio buried him, *Fodio* digg'd his Grave,

And

And honeſt *Scribo* writ his Epitaph;
Which ſtir'd up *Excito* to fight again;
That *Voco* cal'd him valiantiſt of Men:
Bleſs me, ſays *Beo*. how gallantly he fought;
And *Jubilo* for very Joy did ſhout:
Cædo who e're he meet did beat 'em all;
And at the laſt he made poor *Cado* fall:
Candeo then began to look white with fear;
But *Horreo* dreaded nothing, as I hear:
Amplector ſay, I do embrace the fight;
And *Aperio* did open to the left and right:
Altercor 'gan to wrangle with them all,
Which made *Arceſſo* preſently go to call
Augeo; who did rather encreaſe, then ſtop
This Jarring: that it ſtir'd honeſt *Cieo* up,
To ſpeak to *Vulgo*, that he ſhould publiſh round
The Field, how that the Enemy then gave ground:
This made *Fremo* roar; and *Furo* to be mad
To follow 'em: But *Hortor* did exhort, that they
Shou'd not do't; yet *Propero* did haſt away:
Increpo began to blame him much indeed;
And *Jurgo* likewiſe did him ſoundly chide:
Then *Blatero* began to babble like an Aſs;
That *Calco* kickt him, as by him he did paſs,
Then *Cogo* ſwore he'd force 'em for to fight;
And *Cito* ſummon'd 'em all that very night:
Lugeo did mourn, and pray'd there might be Peace;
And *Cudo* coin'd a lye to make 'em ceaſe
Fighting: which made hairbrain'd *Execror* curſe:
Then *Ejulo*, and *Ploro* too, did wail, & ſaid 'twou'd be
worſe:

Duro

Duro ſaid, that he'd endure unto the end;
But *Damno* did condemn him for it, like a Friend:
Fingo did fein a lye, that he might be gone;
But *Cenſeo* did cenſure him for't, and every one
Beſides: *Hio* began to gape for breath, they ſay;
And *Halo* wanted breath that very day:
Macto began to kill without remorſe;
And *Paro* did prepare to meet his force:
Then *Paveo* dreaded, that this might miſchief bring;
And *Pendo*, and *Pendeo* did weigh every thing
In the Ballance of Juſtice: Says *Oleo*, I ſmell
There's Traytors amongſt us; Says *Tumeo*, I ſwell
With grief to think on't; and ſo did *Thrgeo* too:
Says *Suſpicio* I ſuſpect it as well as you;
And blam'd *Vitupero* much, that was the cauſe on't;
That *Volo* he was forc'd likewiſe to fly upon't:
Nego deny'd that he had any hand in it:
Says *Scrutor*, I'le ſearch't out within this Minnit:
Trunco then did mangle all came near him:
And *Trudo* thruſt ſo ſtrong, that all did fear him:
Temno did deſpiſe all danger that might come;
And *Vibro* brandiſht out his Sword, and lookt grum
Upon'em all: *Vito*, to avoid this ſtorm,
Hid himſelf in a hollow Tree (poor Worm,)
And *Viſo* likewiſe went to viſit him there:
At laſt *Vulgo* publiſht abroad where they were:
Rego and *Peto*, askt Pardon for their fault,
Becauſe they fear'd they might be brought
To puniſhment: And *Quatio* 'gan to ſhake:
Ulciſcor ſwore, that he revenge wou'd take;

Which

Which made *Ululo* houle for very grief,
Until that *Venio* did come to his relief:
Vindico did challenge any there to ſight,
Which *Renno* did refuſe at the firſt ſight;
Propago did ſhrink the fight for to prolong,
And *Probo* being then among the throng,
Did approve of what he ſaid: and *Pateo* he,
Lay open to theſe ſlanders, which made him flee:
Repo did creep from thence into a Wood,
VVhich *Veto* forbid, ſaying, 'twould do no good:
Dormio then told'em he muſt ſleep a while;
Yes, yes, ſays *Umbo*, lye down on that pile
Of Bavins: Says *Exuo* then put of too
Your Armes: 'tis beſt ſays *Facio* ſo to do:
Says *Cupio* then, Faith now I covet drink;
I believ't ſays *Credo*, but where's the chink
To purchaſe it? Says *Do*, I give it him:
Come then, ſays *Pleo*, fill it to the brim:
Bold *Scindo* then was cut into the brain;
And *Fluo* ſwore the Blood flow'd out amain:
Says *Frico*, rub his Temples well be ſure:
And I, ſays *Precor*, will pray for his cure:
VVhich made poor *Horreo* then to dread the fight;
And *Gaudio* did rejoice, when out of ſight,
Gemo began to groan, being wounded ſore;
Says *Bibo*, let him drink a little more
Oth' Cordial: but *Mutio* muttering by,
Frango did break his head immediately:
Foveo did cheriſh all this bleeding crew,
And *Nutrio* he nouriſht ſome of 'em too:

Facio

Fætio did ſtink for fear, when he did ſee,
Ferio ſtrike down another: And *Fugo* he
As well as his Brother *Fugio* flyes: and *Flo*
VVith fighting long began to puff and blow:
Fleo did weep extreamly, for to ſee,
Flagito to beg for's life ſo earneſtly.
I muſt confeſs that *Fatior* got renown,
And *Fatigo* was weary too, with looking on:
Fido did truſt to much unto his broken blade,
VVhich made *Feſtino* haſten to his aid:
Fallo did deceive'em all, for when he found
The Bullets hiſs, he fell upon the ground:
That honeſt *Cogito* did think him dead;
Experior too did try to rub his head:
Doleo griev'd that Death ſhould thus o'retake him:
Yet *Expergiſcor* did at laſt awake him:
Exerceo then did exerciſe his crew;
But he like *Deſero* did forſake him too:
Feſto ſtood too't: *Advenio* then comes to him,
VVhich when *Obſecro* ſaw, he then did woe him,
To invade bold *Ingruo*; that *Scandeo* he
Did climb for ſafety up on Oaken Tree:
Then *Simulo* did counterfeit a wound or two:
Singultio likewiſe ſobbs to ſee him ſo.
Aro being dry, did wiſh his inſide wetter;
No matter, ſays *Ardeo*, you'l burn the better.
I was betraid, ſays *Dredo*, to this diſmal day;
Yet *Prurio*'s fingers itch to fight they ſay:
Pungo was prickt toth' heart, when upon him
Premo did preſs; yet *Vinco* overcame him.

Meo

Meo unto the Battle haſt doth make;
But *Deſino* doth the Field forſake:
Spiro to breath doth forbear to ſmite:
But crafty *Evito* doth eſcape the Fight:
Miror in wonder ſtanding much amaz'd;
And faint *Aſpicio* on the Battle gaz'd:
Supero did overcome who e're he meet,
And *Gratulor* did the valiant *Hero* greet:
Spero did hope, *Sperno* to put to flight;
And *Redeo* returned wounded from the fight:
Stringo did ſtrein himſelf to overcome
Bold *Puſo*, who quickly ſtruck him down:
Then *Tono* thunder'd in with might, and main,
To help *Succurro*, which was almoſt ſlain:
Ferreo waxt hot, by all theſe great Allarms;
And *Fido* truſts more to his feet then Arms:
Luo diſcharg'd a Bullet then ſo right,
The Powder ſcorcht poor *Uſtulo* that night:
Luxo then did put his Arm quite out of Joint,
That *Ungo* was forc'd at laſt it to annoint:
Erro miſtook the place, and wander'd up and down;
And *Equito* after him, rod from Town to Town:
Coruſco Arms glifter'd in the Fight that day;
And *Mico*'s ſhin'd likewiſe, as ſome do ſay:
Metuo did fear to meet too, as I hear,
Yet at laſt with *Miſceo* mingled in the Rear:
And *Occulo* did hide himſelf behind a Tree,
Which *Monſtro* ſhew'd to all the Company:
Sad *Verto* turned from one ſide to the other;
And *Muto* chang'd too, as if he were his Brother:

Nuo did nod his head at ſome was there,
That *Neco* had almoſt kill'd him, when he came near:
But *Mulceo* did aſſwage his fury then;
And *Parco* brought forth Peace to all theſe Men:
And though *Congruo* did adviſe 'em all agree,
And allured *Lacio* of his party to be:
Yet *Cingo* girds his Sword about him then;
And *Jungo* joins with other Martial Men:
Auſculto hearkens what they mean't to do;
Emo buyes Armour to defend him too:
Titubo did ſtumble by his too much haſt;
Vacillo ſtagger'd too, they ſtrook ſo faſt:
Lædo was hurt, and's Brother *Noceo* too,
And *Tucor* defends himſelf with much ado:
Tego was cover'd with a gallant Sheild,
Yet *Verbero* beat him ſo, he was forc't to yeild:
Plango did much lament his grievous chance,
'Cauſe *Ico* ſmote him with his direful Lance:
Ruo did ruſh into that furious Fight;
Which did, they ſay, poor *Terreo* much affright:
Sarcio did patch his Armour, 'twas ſo old,
Which *Demo* took away, he was ſo bold:
Languco did languiſh 'cauſe his wounds were deep;
And *Serpo* from the Battle ſoon did creep:
Bold *Voveo* vow'd, that he'd have Armour none;
And *Obliviſcor* too forgot to put his on:
Palleo lookt very pale, and wou'd a fled, but
Undaunted *Teneo* ſoundly held him to't:
Findo did cleave his Enemies ſcull that day;
Yet *Medior* made a ſhift to heal't, they ſay:

Formido did dread to come into the Fight;
And *Culpo* b'am'd him for't, they ſay, that Night:
Voco did call on *Vado* to go on:
Poor *Labo* fains; and *Jaceo* caſt him down:
But *Recupero* did recover incontinent;
For *Spero* gave him hope, being almoſt ſpent:
As I live, ſays *Vivo*, *Statuo* did appoint
Me *Enſigne*, 'cauſe at firſt I did win't:
Noſco ſaid, he knew't: *Mentior* ſwore he lyed:
Then *Acuo* whets his Sword, that hung by's ſide:
Peace, Peace, ſays *Taceo*: *Sudo* ſweat for fear,
And *Surgo* roſe, and fled into the Rear:
Singultio then began to ſob, they ſay,
Becauſe *Provoco* challeng'd him that day:
Cubo fell down; and *Capio* did him take
Up again, when he could ſcarcely ſpeak:
Frenaco then did gnaſh with's teeth ſo hard,
He drove away poor *Pello* from the Guard:
Come ſays, *Invenio*, I do clearly find,
Maneo did well to tarry ſtill behind:
For *Incendo* here has ſet us all on fire;
And I'le begin, ſays *Inchoo*, to retire:
Oro prays heartily, that it may ſucceed;
I'le ſhew you a way, ſays *Indico* with ſpeed:
Conſulo's Councel they did not deſpiſe:
Condono ſaid, he'd pardon his Enemies:
Faſcino thought he was bewitcht he ſwore:
But *Sino* ſaid, that he had ſuffer'd more
Then all: *Impertio* did Impart it to'em all:
And I command, ſays *Impero*, great and ſmall:

Obea

Obedio vow'd that he'd the firſt obey;
And *Moneo* did admoniſh the ſame way:
Nay, ſays *Narro*, I'le report it round the Field,
Nolo, though unwilling, yet at laſt doth yield:
And *Volo* was as willing, I do proteſt;
Yet *Malo* was more willing then all the reſt:
I have a mind, ſays *Habeo*, for to join
With all this crew: and *Rego* ſays, he will reſign
His rule: *Sto* was at a ſtand, and gaz'd about;
And *Certo* ſtriv'd to draw this Rabble rout,
To ſome agreement: at laſt *Loquor*'s ſpeech,
Did by degrees quite ſoder up the breach:
(Though *Predico* did preach before in vain,
And *Suadeo* did perſwade with might and main:)
And *Fungor* did diſcharge his duty right;
And he with *Unio* caus'd'em all unite:
And *Dico* ſaid 'twas beſt from War to ceaſe:
Laſt *Sancio* he eſtabliſh did a Peace:
Though *Solvo* paid'em for their ſervice done:
Then *Purgo* chid thoſe from the Fight did run:
Finio the Battle ends: yet moſt do ſay,
Though *Facio* bragg'd, yet *Vinco* won the day:
Numero numbers all who that were ſlain;
And *Opto* wiſht it might ne're be ſo again:
Parco was very glad that he was ſpar'd,
And *Partio* did devide the ſpoil was ſhar'd:
Iraſcor was angry, and began to fret,
'Cauſe *Adſum* was not preſent when they met:
But *Salto* danc'd; and *Ludo* then did play
On's Inſtrument for Joy of that happy day:

'Tis beſt, ſays *Lavo*, waſh our throats then cut 'em;
And *Tundo* knockt for Liquor, which was brought 'em:
Yet *Turgeo*, and *Tumeo* began to ſwell,
'Cauſe *Placeo* at the Peace was not pleas'd well:
Says *Veto*, *Jove* forbid that we again
Should fight: to which they all did cry, *Amen*.

SONG 16.

A Mock, to the Song cal'd Lay by your pleading. And to that Tune.

LAy by your fighting,
Miſſes are inviting,
All the Millitary Boyes,
To that they moſt delight in:
Small power the Sword has,
And on my word has
Not ſo great a Privelledge
As Miſſes now afford us;
They'l kiſs us, and clip us,
And ſtill in pleaſure keep us;
And in little while, of all
We have, will ſtrip us;
They ſtill will be kind too,
and are inclin'd too,
Pay what they borrow of you,
When the Devil's blind too.

All

All you Citty Blades too,
Leave of your Trades too,
Miſſes have a better way to Trade,
Which never fades too:
Trading is decaying,
Is your conſtant ſaying,
And that your Cuſtomers are
Backwards ſtill in paying:
Then cleave to your Miſſes,
That the greateſt bliſs is;
And what you want in Purſe,
You'l have it in Diſeaſes,
They ne're will forſake ye,
Until they break ye:
Then hey for a Voyage too,
Virginea, or *Jamaica*.

Off goes the Gown too,
Law now muſt down too;
And every Lawyer muſt ſtoop
To's Miſtris Frown too:
Nay, when they'r pleading,
And Law a reading,
If his Miſs a *Caveat* put, that
Stops all proceeding;
If her credit fail Boyes,
You muſt put in Bail Boyes,
And from Fee ſimple, you ſhall
Tennant be in Tail Boyes;
Then by her weary tricks,

Which you'l think ayry tricks,
Till at laſt you'l Chriſten her by the
name of *Meritrix*.

SONG 17.

The praiſes of a Cobler.

The Tune: *And 'tis the Knave of Clubs bears all the ſway.*

A *Cobler* is an excellent Surgeon,
Becauſe his Neighbours will be urging
Him, to cure their Shoes again,
When they come into old Shoe-lane:
Which he can do with *Awl* his might,
And with his *Laſt* ſet 'em *upright*.

Then he, no Man is Schollar greater,
Becauſe he is a great *Tranſlator*,
And Stiches alſo for a Friend;
But muſt (alas!) be by *his end*;
So that themſelves will *under ley*,
Rather then Friends ſhould *tread awry*.

He in no Fiſh does deal at all,
But only Soles (both great and ſmall,)
Yet loves *Plaſe*, elſe how cou'd he ſit;
Yet I ne're ſaw him eat a bit

On't

On't: and cures Soles that are decay'd,
That they (till next time) ſhall not fade.

When he has a mind ſome Fiſh to take,
He of his thread a Net will make,
And *Pitch* it ſtill ſo excellently,
That no Fiſh can e're paſs by;
So that you'l ſay, the draught muſt *waxe*
The greater, when he up it takes.

Me thinks Death ſhou'd not a *Cobler* kill,
Becauſe he makes him *Soles* at will:
For Death has power on Bodies alone,
But the *Cobler* when the Sole is flown,
And ſunder'd from the Upper-leather,
'Tis he (not Death) muſt ſtitch't together.

He is a Man, will never be
Worſe then now you do him ſee;
For he is fit to be employ'd,
When places happen to be voyd:
Nay, the fitteſt in all the Land,
Becauſe he's ſtill o'th mending hand.

Thus you may ſee, the *Cobler* now
A Surgeon is, an Schollar too;
And though he ſeldom deals in Fiſh,
Yet when he pleaſe can have a Diſh:
For every Day he Soles doth make,
And Plaſe his breech doth daily take.

And that he's mending ſtill, and can
Make Nets as well as any Man,
And *pitch*'em too, better then many,
That they ſhall waxe the beſt of any:
And more then Death can do, you know;
He mends the Sole, which Death can't do.

SONG. 18.

Upon the taking down of the Kings Armes *in the* Rumps *time in the Year* 1649. *When inſtead of plucking down them, on the Gate of the Phyſick-garden in* Oxford: *they were ſuch excellent Heralds, that they pluckt down the Earl of* Danby's *Armes, who was the Founder there.*

IN *ſixteen hundred forty nine*,
When Cavaliers were forc'd to dine
At Duke *Humphreys* Table ſtill,
(But 'twas poor hearts againſt their will:)
A dismal time, when *Rump* did fart yee,
A thouſand cracks 'gainſt Royal party;
And when *Kings Armes* were plucking down,
In every Citty, and in Town:
In *Oxford* Citty there's a place,
Cal'd *Phyſick garden*, and little ſpace
From *Colledge Magdalen* doth ſtand,
(Well known to many in this Land;)
From *Maudlin bridge*, it ſtands Northweſt,

So

So that must be from it South-east;
This is so plain you can not miss it,
Then when yo're there you'l say this is it:
The Walls that do surround this place,
And Noble Gate, which do it grace,
And all the Land within the same,
For evermore will bear the name,
As being the particular Bount-
Ty, of that Noble *Nothern* Count,
Who to's Prince toth' last did stand by,
Cal'd *Henricus Comes Danby*:
This Gift, I say, was only his,
(For which no doubt he is in bliss)
Unto the poor University,
Made so by'th *Rump*, the more's the pitty:
And first of all this *Rumpish* crew,
That then did there appear in view,
With others that he thither brought,
For to destroy, as then they thought,
Their Princes Armes; was a Collonel,
Who indeed was a Preacher, as well
As Souldier; and so he began
Then to preach to every Man,
His *Rumpish* Doctrine; and so bid
Them be valiant, and what they did
He would secure both great and small,
By an Ordinance from his Masters all;
An Ordinance it might be cal'd
(Which oft the Cavaliers have maul'd)
By thundring of us out of Town,

From

From Poſt to Piller up and down;
But name of *Act*, it cannot bear,
Yet 'twas the Cor'nels *Act* I'le ſwear:
And with the Cor'nel there did go,
His Lievtenant Collonel alſo;
And Major too, and Captains ſtore,
And Enſigns, and Lievtenants more.
And of the County Comittee,
There were about the Number three,
With others at the Cor'nels call;
I think there was the Divel and all.

But now comes out a pleaſant Tale,
(If my Memory doth not fail)
Which in *Oxford* is very riſe,
For every Mouth, and true on my life:
On the right hand of that brave Gate,
Were *Kings* Armes plac'd in handſome ſtate,
And likewiſe Crown, and Garter too,
As 'bout the Armes they uſe to do;
O'th left hand was the Founders Armes:
Bold *Danvers*, who with loud Allarmes,
The *Iriſh* Rebels conquer'd ſo
In little time, he had no foe
To wreak his valour on; whoſe fame
Was ſpread abroad: that's very name
Would ſcatter all that *Kernish* crew:
But *Danvers* cry, away they flew:
And before he came from thence,
Forc'd 'em to own their Natural Prince.

For

For which important Service done,
By way of Retaliation:
King James with tittle then did greet him,
of Baron *Danvers*; which did meet him,
For he came to kiss his Hand, and's Son
Charles the First; for other Service done,
Did Earl of *Danby* him creat,
And Knight of the Garter; (Honours great)
Yet none for him too great was thought,
Who for his Prince so bravely fought:
So that by this, I'de have you note,
He had the Garter round his Coat,
And Coronet also; which did make,
Among our Heroes the great mistake:
Which made for what I do intend,
(And then I'le draw unto an end:)
These gallant New made Gentlemen,
With the County Comittee then,
And others of that new Dubd-crew:
When both these Coats they chanc'd to view,
Like wise Men did with one accord,
Command the Armes of this brave Lord
To be pull'd down, Instead o'th *Kings*:
And so they slew, as 'twere with wings,
For to pull down as then they thought,
His Majesties most *Royal Coat*;
Sure they were of Sences bereft,
Not to know the right from the left.
That they were Schollars you can't deny,
'Cause in the Univerlity:

And wonder 'twas what *Heraldry* then,
Was 'mong our *Rumpish* Gentlemen.

Or were they at that time affraid,
To touch that Princely Coat; they laid
Not violent hands upon it then,
But I remember the time when
They durst attack, as well as Crown,
His sacred Person too, 'tis known:
Sure Providence did cast a mist
Fore the Cor'nels eyes, and all the rest,
They could not see that very day,
'Cause their Chief light is within they say:
If so then 'twas Prophetick, sure
That they should only then obscure
(And for a time to cloud) the Crown,
But for their lives not pull it down.

Though the Officers so little knew,
And Gentlemen of that great crew,
What did belong to Armes; 'tis strange
The Souldiers that did use to range
Themselves each day in rank and file,
(And many times their Armes recoile)
And then the chief word of Command,
Was stand to your Armes, to every band,
Which they being often used to do,
Made them let the *Kings Armes* stand too.

Then after this, in merriment

They

They all unto the Tavern went,
To congratulate each others Act,
And all to own that prudent fact:
There were some twenty Officers,
With Comittee-Men, Friends of theirs;
So that there were about thirty two,
Of this most *Solemn* like crew,
Who had at least four Pints of Sack
Amongst'em all to strengthen the back:
And though they would not wench, nor swear,
Yet you see drink hard when they came there:
Nay, that they might seem more profuse,
(Which was indeed their common use)
In half Pint pots 'twas still brought up;
But yet before they'd touch the Cup,
With Hat in hand would blessing crave,
Least poyson'd by a Cavalier Knave.
And as they thus sate carrowsing,
In comes a bold Fellow, using
Great reverence to that learned gang,
Saying, they were better to hang
Then keep; and having a Pint of Sack
In his hand, he like a mad Hack,
Drank the *Kings* health, and then threw
The Pot among that spend-thrift Crew:
Saying, Pox take you all; and then flew
Down stairs, without bidding 'em Adue.

Though they command *Kings Armes* pull down,
Yet still hung up some of their own;

VVhich did Prognosticate, I say,
Their Armes should first hang up, then they,
VVe were so far from putting down
Their Armes, *we set 'em up in Town*:
Nay, they were so highly grac't,
That o're the *Kings Armes* they were plac't,
On every Gate, about the Citty:
Not sooner done, the more's the pitty:

The *Rump* their Jugglings so did handle,
They all went out like snuff of Candle:
And those who bought *King*, or *Bishops* Lands,
At the happy Change, had their hands
Eas'd of all that mighty trouble,
After they had brought the Rents to double:
So may they all be serv'd, that persists
Not in heart, and voice, true Royalists:
And also those that do repine
At this our Change: who by Divine
Hand, was then so brought about,
To scatter all that curs'ed rout;
VVho had deserv'd it long before,
For Cruelty, but Treason more.

FINIS.

SONG

SONG 19.

A Mock to Joan, *to the* May-pole *away let us run. And to that Tune.*

Tom to the Tavern away let us run,
The VVine wil waſte, and ſoon be gone:
Thus goes the Bubbing Boyes of the Town;
Nay the Trades, as well as the Gown:
Then *Tom*,
Prethee come,
Good VVine has no need of a Buſh Boy;
I but *Nick*,
VVhat ſays *Dick*!
Bad VVine is not worth a ruſh Boy.

Did you but ſee the Man of the Houſe,
How he does with every crew Carrowſe;
VVhich he'd ne're do, if 'twere not good,
To cherriſh the heart, and ſtir the Blood;
Prethee haſte,
Time does waſte,
So will the VVine, by our long delaying;
And there
You need not fear
To be askt, till the Quarter day for paying.

Lately I was at a Houſe in *Paris*,

Near

Near to the Church of great *St. Maryes*,
VVhere by the means of a Friend of mine,
VVe there did get moſt excellent VVine:
But *Tom*,
This at home
Is far richer VVine then that Boy,
Come then *Dick*,
Let's be quick,
For I ſhall ſadly long till I ha't Boy.

Their Stomachs then being whet with deſire,
Away they march, being both on a fire,
To taſte that bleſſed Bub, as they cal't,
VVhich ſuddainly did their brains aſſault:
Then *Tom*
He came home
Reeling ripe, making Indentures;
And *Dick*
VVas very ſick,
Yet to his Lodging reelingly ventures.

SONG 20.

The praiſe of the Glaſiers-Trade.

The Tune is: *My Dame* Jaon *has pawn'd her Kettle.*

A *Glaſier* is more excellent Surgeon,
Then any Trade about the Town,

Be-

Becauſe he daily cures by purging,
All the VVindows up and down:
Some from their cracks,
And ſome from their hacks,
And ſome from the holes that cauſes wind;
And ſome from below,
And about you muſt know;
And ſome from before, and ſome behind.

His Neighbours ſay, both Friends and Foes,
He's fit to be a Conſtable,
Becauſe He *Quarrels doth compoſe*,
And from that he does ſeldom ceaſe:
And when they'r done,
Then every one
Unleſs a Foot-ball does 'em meet,
(They'r perfect and ſound,
And without a wound)
Or from a Quarrel in the Street.

Beſides he is an Enemy
To Idleneſs, we all do know:
No Trades-man takes more *Panes* then he,
Within Doors, and without, 'tis ſo.
But by thoſe he takes
Abroad, he makes
His Purſe the fuller every day:
Yet ſome that have had
Great pains, have been glad
To empty their Purſe, to get 'em away.

He has a Servant heavy *as lead*,
Goes round the Quarrels every day,
He's lumpiſh, dull, and is ill-breed,
But very ſtout the Neighbours ſay,
He has need be ſtout,
Or he cou'd not do't;
Which is to every one a wonder,
That he alone,
Without any one,
Shout keep ſo many *Quarrels aſſunder*.

A Neighbour alſo ſaid, he was
Not fit to make a Conſtable:
'Twas askt him why? he ſaid, becauſe
That he is making Quarrels ſtill.
Yes; Why ſhou'd he not?
Though ſome have got
Death, by Quarrels day and night;
Yet 'tis not ſo
By him, we know,
For he does get his living by't.

You ſee that he's a Surgeon now,
And he all Quarrels does compoſe:
And by thoſe Quarrels he does too
His living get, every one knows;
And takes more *pence*,
For honeſt gains,
Then any Trades-man whatſoe're;
And's Servant *Lead*,

Although ill-bred,
Is accounted ſtout, both far and near.

SONG 21.

On the Squibs and Crackets, thrown on the Lord Major's day.

IT was upon the *twenty ten*
Of dull *October*, being then
The Lord *Major's* ſhow, or elſe his Day,
So cal'd by'th Vulgar, as they ſay:
I ſpeak not of that glorious crew,
That paſt us by in open view.
As firſt the Companies ſeveral,
Belonging to each others Hall,
All clad in black, with half red tip it,
Who on their Pettitoes did Trip-it;
Nor of thoſe Velvet Coats ſo black,
With Chaines of gold hung on their back;
Nor of that Teem of Scarlet Riders,
Who of the City Wards are Guiders;
Nor of the Troops, and Horſes fairnes,
Whoſe Maſters all were clad in Harnes,
Whoſe Officers Coats bedecked were,
With gold embroyder'd every where;
Nor the Foot, with Bag-pipe, Fife, and Drum,
Who thither with the reſt did come:
Who came to attend Our *Soveraign*,

Whom God to bleſs, with all His Train:
Nor of thoſe gallant Princely Coaches,
To all I gave a *Bonos nocies:*
But of thoſe Gallants treat I do,
That were Spectators of that Show:
Who there were placed in Balconies,
'Mong which were many Ancient Cronies,
And Ladies young; who all there ſtood,
I can't ſay ſit, they wiſht they cou'd:
For in the twinkling of an eye,
Such Squills and Crackets then did fly,
In ſuch a horrid fiery faſhion,
It forc'd them all, to change their ſtation;
Leaſt it ſhould burn their Garments gay:
VVhich borrow'd was perhaps that day:
They cheefly flew like whirligigs,
On curled Hair, and Perriwigs;
Nothing eſcapt'em, they were ſo ſet,
That all was Fiſh, that came to Net

But two prettyer then the reſt,
That lodg'd were in a *Traberns* Neſt;
On the Eldeſt flew with ſuch a force,
It burnt her Hood without remorſe;
And had not then a *Fen* been near
With water to quench it, I fear
Her lovely Hair to wrack had gone;
Do all that e're he cou'd have done;
Some at this, wou'd a lookt pale, but ſhe
Fixt Roſes in her cheeks Immediatly;

'Tis

'Tis thought he might have ſav'd her Hood,
Had he not b'in a kiſſing Mood,
With another that ſtood by him;
But let that paſs, I'le not bely him:
To ſave it he ſome miſchief got,
For's Perruke had like to a gone to'th pot,
And half Skirt too, or I'me told a lye;
(Take heed of kiſſing Friend, when Squibs do flye:)
Nay, they did fly that time ſo hot,
It burnt the Youngers Petticoat,
And one ſpark did from th'other skip,
VVhich burnt our pretty Red-coats lip,
Alſo a Lord; but the Lord knows who
It was, for it burnt his Breeches too,
His Coat, and Perriwig, and Hat,
And eke his richly lac'd Cravat.
Nay, they from VVindows ſcarce cou'd peep,
But ſuddainly they forc'd were creep
Back again; or thoſe Ladies fair,
VVere ſure to burn their Hoods and Hair;
No Gowns nor VVhisks did then eſcape,
For on Petticoats they made a rape;
Not on thoſe that were a top alone,
But below, they were ſo fawcy grown:
Pretty *S* : : : too did get her ſhare,
For't burnt her Cuffs, and Hood, and Hair:
And modeſt *Sb*: : : too, do what we cou'd,
It burnt her Petticoat, and Hood:
Had ye been ug'y, it ne're had meet ye:
You ſee what 'tis now to be pretty.

And honeſt *Youncrick*, to ſecure
A pretty Lady, did endure
A hot conteſt, but by his leave
It quickly burnt his half ſhirt Sleeve:
The Author catcht on in's hand a top,
And flung't in's face, that threw it up,
To keep't from them that were above,
But by his favour, it burnt his Glove.

Laſt, I adviſe if any go
Next Year, to ſee the Lord *Major*'s ſhow,
You muſt not in Balconies ſtand,
Or Window, that's low at any hand;
But i'th Garret, or Leads at top,
For that's too high, to fling'em up.

So taking leave in *Wood-ſtreet three Tun Cloiſters*,
At the ſign o'th *Barrel*, wherein we boil'd our Oyſters.

SONG 22.

On a Lady, and her Chamber-maid.

A Chamber Maid was got with Child,
For which her Lady did call her Whore,
And ſaid, that ſhe had her Houſe defil'd,
And vow'd ſhe wou'd turn her out a Door:
Who got the Child, ſays ſhe, you Jade?
Your Husband, and pleaſe you Madam:

Why

VVhy, where you VVhore, forſooth ſhe ſaid,
In the Truckle-bed at *Hadham?*

VVhy, where was I, I'le know the truth?
Come tell me, or elſe I'le make yee.
In the High-bed faſt aſleep forſooth,
And I was affraid to wake ye.
VVhy did you not cry out, you Drab,
VVhen firſt you ſaw he begun it?
Truly forſooth I was never a Blab
Of my Tongue: wou'd you a done it?

And beſides forſooth you know,
That I your humour know too well,
That when y'are ſuddainly wak't, you'l throw
And tear, like to a Fiend of Hell;
Nay, you'l cry out with loud Allarmes,
And fling what your fingers touches,
That I had rather be in my Maſters armes,
Then ever to come in your clutches.

VVhy did you not then ſooner go
You arrant Quean? before 'twas known,
Truly Madam, 'tis even ſo,
Becauſe that you had none a'your own:
And Indeed, Madam, the truth to tell,
I did think I well did plot it,
Imagining you wou'd uſe it well,
For his dear ſake that got it.

SONG 23.

A Dialogue between a Gentleman and his Miſtris.

Man. LYe ſtill *Aminta*, for the Light
Comes from thy Star-like Eyes ſo bright:
'Tis not the day that breaks you ſee,
But my poor heart to part with thee.

Woman. *Alexis* I muſt needs be gone;
Aurora's put her Mantle on;
And Night likewiſe has given way,
To that which uſhers in the day.

Man. *Aminta*, Know it cannot be
The Dawning yet as you may ſee:
The Sun does never riſe ſo ſoon:
Thoſe Glimmering beams come from the Moon.

Wom. Come, come, *Alexis*, let me go,
There's danger in delay you know:
Then let us part, my deareſt Mate,
Leaſt we repent when 'tis too late.

Man. *Aminta*, what have I now done,
That you from me ſo ſoon muſt run:
It is indeed a ſad return
To me, who in your flames do burn.

Wom.

Wom. Leave, leave, *Alexis*, prethee leave,
You do your self, and me deceive:
Come follow now what I adviſe;
'Tis good to be, both merry and wiſe.

Man. Suppoſe 'tis day, what if it be,
Muſt you therefore ariſe from me?
Did we lye down, becauſe 't was Night,
And ſhall we riſe for fear of light?

Wom. Well, well *Alexis*, now I find,
My kindneſs te'e has chang'd your mind:
I thought y'ad lov'd me heretofore,
But now you'l have me cal'd your Whore.

Man. Why then *Aminta* let me dye,
If e're within my breaſt did lye
So baſe a thought to blaſt thy name,
But ſtudd'd to Increaſe thy fame.

Wom. Then dear *Alexis*, let me riſe,
For *Phœbus* beams will bring in Spyes;
Which may deſcry what we have done,
Seeing there's no Cure, when Credit's gone.

Man. Come give me then a parting kiſs;
And this my Dear, and this, and this,
A fifth, and ſo we will give o're.
Come tak't ſays ſhe: but now no more.

The

The Chorus to it.

Of this young Couple now, you ſee
The Girll had greater wit then he:
For had they been detected then,
She knew they ne're ſhou'd meet agen:
VVhich to prevent then, loſt an hour,
That he might many Nights come to her.
So time well loſt you ſee, though ſmall,
Brings Intreſt great to VVomen all.

SONG 24.

The Diſeaſes about the Town.

The Tune; *The Gun.*

I Sing of great Diſeaſes all,
That happen not at Spring, or Fall,
But what happens round the Year,
In every City, Town, and Shire:
They'r ſickneſſes of ſuch a kind,
That few Phyſitians have a mind,
For to take the cure in hand;
VVhich you ſhall quickly underſtand,
If you'l promiſe me to Cure'em.

Firſt here's one that doth complain,

Of

Of *Chymeras* in the Brain;
And being one of Natures Minions,
He's poſſeſs'd with ſtrange Opinions:
He will Dream at Night that he
A New VVorld in the Moon does ſee;
And his wits have laid the ground
Of the Earth ſtill turning round:
VVill your Purge or Vomit cure him?

Here's another doth deviſe,
A way to meaſure Earth and Skyes,
And by that does grow ſo bold,
To talk of Mountains full of Gold;
Nay, the Inchanted Iſland he,
(VVhere Men lives to Eternity)
Swares can tell us, if he wou'd,
VVhere it is, both Ebb and Flood:
VVill your Purge, or Vomit cure him?

There's another Sick a bed,
VVith a Meagrim in his Head,
VVith great whimſeys in his Brain,
His Aſſertions to maintain:
He tell you lyes, and ſwear they'r true,
That he has lately ſeen *Peru*,
From thence to *China* ſail'd away,
And *Ginny* too, all in a Day:
VVill your Purge, or Vomit cure him?

Here's a Man his Chamber keeps,

That

That often talkes, and seldom sleeps,
And all forsooth because his Miss,
Did deny to giv'm a Kiss;
I'de not be in God *Cupid*'s Coat,
Because he swears he'l cut his throat,
Unless he quickly pierce her heart,
As he did his, with his Dart:
Will your Purge, or Vomit cure him.

There's another that has run
From a great Estate: and one
As his Estate did run amain,
He has still a running brain;
He talks of running Horses yet,
And running Dogs that ne're were beat:
Nay, although it comes by fits,
'Thas made him run out of his wits:
Will your Purge, or Vomit cure him?

Here is one that much Invighs
Against the State: another says,
The Clergy they are grown to high:
And he that in that Couch doth lye,
Does say, the Law is very much
Corrupt: and th'other does not grutch
To give the Clergy all their due;
And likewise says, the Law is true:
Will your Purge, or Vomit cure him?

There's another says, the Age

Is much debaucht; and in rage
Rails againſt Wine, and Miſſes too:
But t'other give him his due,
All the premiſſes deny'd,
And told him to his face he ly'd;
So ſome of theſe, you ſee, muſt lye
As well as they, or you or I:
Will your Purge, or Vomit cure us?

I cou'd bring Diſeaſes many,
Could I ſee the Cure of any;
It is a ſickly time you know,
There will more Diſeaſes grow:
Some of yours, and ſome of mine,
Some of his, and ſome of thine:
But I've ſaid too much I fear,
I'le bring the reſt another Year;
So you'l promiſe me, to cur'em.

SONG 25.

A perſwaſive againſt Doating Love.

The Tune is: *As* Alexander *I muſt Reign, and I muſt Reign alone.*

THoſe dull, and Sottiſh Fools I hate,
That pine, and dye for Love,
And ſtill repent when 'tis too late,

And

And then their folly prove;
Then why should I my fancy fix,
On Women that are so?
I hate those proud, and slighting tricks,
Pox take 'em let 'em go.

I've liv'd till thirty Years round,
And never doated yet,
Nor in these charmes was e're misled,
Or caught in *Cupids* Net:
And e're that I wou'd wedded be,
To her that has betray'd
Her Faith, to any other,
I'de live, and dye a Maid.

I love a Girl that's brisk, and smart
In Reparties, and true;
And likewise for her outward part,
I'de have her handsome too:
For he that weds a Fool, will find,
There's not so great a curse,
And dayly will torment his mind,
Then which there's nothing worse.

FINIS.

SONG 26.

A Mock to Farwel my Armida.
And to that Tune.

FAr-well my dear Puggy, my Pullet, my Low-bell,
Thy Ferret eyes are as the cauſe of my grief:
Thy voice is far lowder then ever was Bow-bell,
And from the Clapper on't grant me relief:
Thy Brow lyes in Pleats, like a Looſe-body'd gown,
That ſome Men have thought, my dear Pigney did
Becauſe 'tis in wrincles, & hangs o're her eyes, frown,
Much like to a Bon-grace, to keep of the Flyes.

Thy Noſe ſtands ſo far out, on which a great dent is
Juſt in the middle, much like to a hook,
Which turns up ſo finely, and then ſo much bent is,
As if 't were to hang on a pot for a Cook:
And 'tis of two kinds, for one keeps all in,
But th'other hangs dangling ſtill down to her chin,
VVhich her pretty Mouth, o're-joy'd with the taſte,
Sometimes laps it in, that nothing ſhould waſte.

And then thy ſweet Pie-bauſ'd teeth much do delight
Standing like Tuskes, on a long-ſnowted Pig, (me,
So looſe they are ſet, that they never could bite me;
Nay, ſome have come out, with but eating a Fig:
They never could bite me, 'tis certain you know,

Be-

Becauſe they ſtand in and out, none in a row:
Thy Lips are ſo ſweet, and p'eaſant I vow,
And then are for thickniſs, like our brinded Cow.

They white are like tallow, that never yet Man did
Buſs ſweeter things, then thoſe Lips of thine;
Nay, ſome Men have thought they were ſugar Candy,
Thy ſparkling whiteneſs ſo finely did ſhine:
Thy Breath is ſo ſweet, and ſtrong, that if Men
VVere at the laſt gaſpe, 'twould fetch 'em again:
Nay, had I my will, for ever I'de dwell
At thy pretty Mouth, for love of the ſmell.

The reſt of her parts I dare not diſcover,
Thinking already too much I have ſpoke,
And being my ſelf ſo zealous a Lover,
Should ſhe be ſtollen, m'heart will be broke:
But when we are Married, I vow and proteſt,
I will not be jealous at all, in the leaſt:
I think in my Conſcience I need not to do't,
For thoſe that do know her, will ne're put her to't.

SONG. 21.

The over diſpairing Lover.

The Tune is: *Bory Verſaille.*

VVHen firſt I ſaw my *Phyllis* face,
Her Star-like Eyes, ſo bright did ſhine,

I deem'd of no humane race,
But did believe her all Divine,
But when she sung,
I thought her Tongue
Was kept by all the Heavenly Spears,
Who met with her,
And fixed there,
And every one that her hear,
Did wish themselves all Ears.

But when I saw her Ivory hand,
To touch the Lute, I did admire,
She had upon't such command,
As if 'twere touch'd by'th Heavenly Quire;
She play'd so well,
She bore the Bell
Away from all the Ladies there;
Who 'gan to blaze
Abroad her praise,
That every one was in a maze,
Such Harmony to hear.

She then began to dance a round,
That every one, as well as I,
Did see, she scarce did touch the ground,
We thought she did not dance, but fly.
She tript about
Still in and out,
But yet kept time, and figure too;
That all did say,

That very day,
She carri'd the Credit clear away,
For dancing ſmooth, and true.

There's not a Man, of all the Crew,
But was in Love, as much as I,
Who lov'd her parts, and Perſon too;
If great Men love, my ſuit muſt dye,
Nought but deſpair,
Muſt be my ſhare,
And Death will be to me a gain:
For ſince that I,
Muſt not come nigh
My *Phillis*, I'le lye down and dye,
To eaſe me of my pain.

SONG 28.

A Caveat to young Ladies.

The Tune: *Miſs Mundays Celebrane*, *made by Mr.* Smith.

I Ne're will Love agen,
What e're betide me;
And from inconſtant Men,
Good Angels guide me;
Then Ladies muſt not be
Swift in conſenting,

Lea

Leaſt they ſing *Lachrymæ*,
By late repenting.

He promis'd wondrous fair,
When firſt came to me;
Nor Oaths, nor Vows did ſpare,
When he did woe me:
His ſug'red words, and ſmiles
So wrought upon me,
I ne're fore-ſaw his wiles,
Till they'd undone me.

Then Ladies, now alas!
Thus you may mind them,
As for to truſt them as
Far, as you find them:
For if your ſelves you do
Keep at that diſtance,
You may, with credit too,
Make them reſiſtance.

SONG 29.

On a late Ball at Inn-holders *Hall.*

I Chanc'd of late, to ſee a Ball
Near *Dow-gate*, at *Inn-holders-Hall*;
Where I ſaw many that danc'd well;
But one did all the reſt excell,

In *French* dance, and in *Cellabrane*,
She'd foot it true, to every ſtrain
O'th Muſick; if faſt, then ſhe's ſo;
If not, then ſhe can dance as ſlow:
But when ſhe came to dance a Jig,
I ne're ſaw ſuch a nimble Grig,
So lively, free, brisk, and ayry,
I thought ſhe was Vbiquitary:
She tript ſo briskly up and down,
You'd think ſhe had not danc'd, but flown:
For loſting dancing, I proteſt,
I think ſhe did out do the beſt:
Being up, ſhe cut ye twice or thrice,
E're ſhe came down; then in a trice
Mount up again, and cut many more,
That I ſaw ne're the like before:
She at that time did do ſo well,
From all ſhe bore away the Bell.
Go on, brave Girl, prethee go on,
For if thou hold'ſt, as thou'ſt begun,
And in Child-hood haſt done ſo well,
In after times thou't all excell.

Beſides I ſaw two little things,
That look'd, methoughts, like Cherubs wings;
I mean for Stature, and for growth,
That if you had but ſeen'em both,
You'd think that they but lately fell,
From the Womb, and then came out o'th ſhell:
An I ſome to Palliate that, did ſay,

They

They thought they ſuckt but th'other day:
Yet theſe Sucklings did that Night,
New Mottar, and Minoways ſo right,
To the admiration of us all,
That were Spectators at that Ball.
Why, how now Friend, is't poſſible,
That *Norfolk* Men can do ſo well!
Henceforth for *Kings-line* I ſhall have
A great reſpect, becauſe it gave
Birth to my Friend *J. Rich* : : : *ſon*,
Who in this Ball ſo well haſt done.

SONG 29.

A Mock to a Lover I am, and a Lover I'le be, in the praiſe of Tobacco: And to that Tune.

TObacco I love, and Tobacco I'le take,
And I hope good Tobacco I ne're ſhall forſake;
'Tis drinking, & wenching deſtroys ſtill the Creature;
But this noble Fume, does dry up ill nature:
Then thoſe that deſpiſe it, ſhall never be ſtrong;
But thoſe that admire it, will ever look young.

With Pipe after Pipe, we ſtill keep in motion,
In Puffing: and Smoking, like Guns on the Ocean,
And when they are out, we charge 'em, and then
We ſtop 'em, and ram 'em, and recharge agen,
Since we with Tobacco can keep ourſelves ſound,
Let *Bacchus*, and *Venus* in *Leth* be drown.

SONG 31.

The Suddain Wedding.

The Tune is: *The Gun-fleet.*

I'Me in Love ſays *Noll.*
Indeed ſays *Doll*,
But prethee ſay with who?
I fear, ſays he.
Come ſpeak, ſays ſhe.
Why then, it is with you.
You jeſt, ſays *Doll.*
Good Faith, ſays *Noll*,
You do me wrong my *Dolly.*
But Men; ſays ſhe,
To flattery be
To much addicted *Nolly.*

I vow, ſays *Noll*,
I Love thee *Doll.*
But pray, Sir, tell me where?
At my heart, ſays he.
At your heart, ſays ſhe,
And do you Love me there?
'Tis true, ſays *Noll.*
But you, ſays *Doll*,
Do Love another better.

Who

Who is't, says he?
Why *Nan*, says she,
You th'other day did treat her.

Fy, fy, says *Noll.*
Why, why, says *Doll?*
VVhy *Nan* did come to me,
And pray'd me write,
That very Night,
To her Sweet-heart *Humphrey.*
VVhat then? says *Doll.*
VVny? then, says *Noll*,
I gave her a Pint of VVine *Doll.*
VVhat else? says she.
VVhy Cakes, says he,
And yet no Mis of mine *Doll.*

But yet, says *Doll*,
My Father, *Noll*,
Does say you are poor of late.
How poor? says he,
Yes, poor, says she,
And must not be my mate.
I have, says *Noll.*
What hast? says *Doll.*
Why I have House and Land *Doll.*
Where is't? says she.
Why, 'tis, says he,
At the lower end o'th Strand *Doll.*

What

What goods? says *Doll*.
All sorts, says *Noll*,
That in a House is common.
Indeed, says she.
And fit, says he,
For any honest Woman.
How, how, says *Doll*.
Good Faith, says *Noll*,
'Tis true, and all are my own,
And a Feather-bed,
With Curtains red
For thee, and I to lye on.

Then 'tis, says *Doll*,
A Match my *Noll*,
Let Father and Mother chide.
Is't done, says he.
'Tis done, says she,
And I will be thy Bride.
Let's kiss, says *Noll*.
Content, says *Doll*;
And there's another for ye.
When wed we? says he
To Morrow, says she;
We will no longer tarry.

Come then, says *Noll*,
We'l go my *Doll*,
And see the House before;
And then, says he,

VVhat then? ſays ſhe.
Thou't find I am not Poor.
Agreed, ſays *Doll*.
And when? ſays *Noll*.
To Morrow we are wedded,
Thy Parents ſhall,
(And kindred all)
Then come and ſee us bedded.

SONG. 32.

The diſdained Lover.

VVHen firſt theſe eyes of mine ſaw my Undoer,
O how my Soul was inflam'd with deſire:
But now I curſe the time, that e're I knew her,
Seeing her cruelty adds to my fire.
The more I love, the more ſhe diſdains,
And daily does add new Links to my Chains;
VVhich makes me Day, and Night to cry,
VVoe is me, woe is me, for Love I dye.

I ſtill addreſt my ſelf in humble manner,
Thinking by that, to gain ſome reſpect:
But ſhe, moſt Tyger like, took more upon her,
And ſtill return'd it with ſcorn and neglect;
VVhich plung'd my Soul in ſuch deep deſpair,
(Too great alas! for Mortals to bear)
I'de rather ſoon to yeild my breath,

Then

Then to continue ſtill, this living death.

Then farwel cruel ſhe, this curſe I'le leave thee:
Mayſt thou love one, but no man love thee,
And when thou doat ſt on him may he deceive thee,
And be as cruel, as thou waſt to me.
This O you powers, is all that I crave,
When my poor Body is laid in the grave;
Which, if you grant my injur d duſt
Muſt declare, that you are righteous, and juſt.

SONG 33.

An Anſwer to a Song cal'd,

Faireſt Creature tell me true, ſhall my ſighs never move thee? And to that Tune.

DEar *Phyllis* ſeem a little coy,
Diſſemblingly denying,
Leaſt I ſhould burſt with too much joy,
By thy too ſoon complying:
Thy cruelty
So great was to me,
It almoſt had wrought my Ruine;
Then if thou ſhou'ſt be,
In yeilding too free,
I fear it may prove my undoing.

Extreams, thou knowſt, of Joy or grief,
Are ſtill deſtractive to nature,
Then if thou yield'ſt too ſudden relief,
Thou't prove to thy Friend a Traytor;
Then prethee *Phill*,
Be moderate ſtill,
And yeild by degrees unto me;
For if't come to faſt,
I ſurfeit with haſt,
And then I am ſure 'twill undo me.

SONG 34.

On two Women furiouſly fighting at a Town in Kent: *the one being named* Bear, *and the other* Wolf.

IT was i'th time of holy *Lent*,
That I was at a Town in *Kent*,
Where I then in paſſing by,
A furious Combat did eſpy:
A luſty *Sea Wolf* 'gan to fight,
On a *Bears* Cub, to wreak her ſpight,
And on the Cub did roar and claw,
Pretending for to keep't in awe:
Which when the Dam o'th Cub did ſee,
Out of her Den came preſently,
Toth' reſcue of her little Cub:
So to't they went, where many a Drub
Was 'gin by both, with teeth and nail,
That none could ſay, which did prevail:

Their

Their Eyes, and Hair were then ſo torn,
They lookt like two She-beaſts forlorn:
Until a Man, which then lay near,
Unto the Place, came quickly there,
To disingage theſe furious Foes,
VVho painted with thoſe many Blows,
And Scratches, each to other given,
'Cauſe they ſo long together ſtriven,
They both were bloody o're, and o're,
And both lay wettring in their gore;
But the diſcreet Officer parted both,
(Though they to part were very loath)
And when that they could fight no more,
Then both their Tongues began to roar
So loud, it dampt the noiſe o'th Crew,
That then were the Fight to view:
And when their Tongues were likewiſe ſpent;
(They both, to give their fury vent,
Did with their Eyes the Fight renew,
And foam'd and ſputter'd; and then threw
Duſt in one anothers face,
That they were, both in little ſpace
So cover'd o're: they lookt, they ſay,
Like two Sea-Devils, as they lay:
Nay, they to fight were then ſo hearty:
Says one, fight on, and the Divel part ye.
Yet at the laſt they forc'd were, then
To creep unto each others Den.
Some thought it ſtrange, not ſo good Brother,
For Beaſts will fight with one another.

SONG

SONG 35.

A Song on the Dance called the Morris, *danced at Mr.* Youngs *Ball, at Brewers Hall in* London, *April the* 13. 1674 *And to the Morris Tune.*

SOme pretty Country Girls there were,
VVithin an Arbour ſitting:
VVho when they did the Piper hear,
They then left off their knitting:
One bid him play,
The *Iriſh* Hay;
And th'other little *Norru:*
At laſt they all,
Both great and ſmall,
Did bid'em play the *Morru.*

Their dreſs was tight, with VVaſcoats white,
And well dyed Petticoats too;
And had you ſeen'em on that Night,
You think'em pretty Coats too:
Their Coiffes were new,
And croſt-cloaths too:
I'le tell you more then that too,
To keep'em from
The burning Sun,
Each had a new ſtraw Hat too.

Firſt lively *Sm: : :* began the Dance,
And humour'd it compleatly:
Then pretty *Mu: : D: :* did advance,
Who danc'd all things neatly:
Brisk *Jo: : : :* then,
Did follow in,
And kept her meaſures duly;
And pretty *Cl: : :*
That airy ſpark,
Did likewiſe dance it truly.

Then th'other lively *Cl: : :* went on,
And danc'd with ſtrength and vigour:
And pretty little *Tr: : b: :* then,
Did keep both time and figure:
Sweet *Dal: : :* then
Did credit win,
To ſee her 'twas a pleaſure:
Young *So: : :* too,
She well did do,
Who danc'd good time and meaſure.

Thus have you heard the *Morris*, and
The Laſs that did begin it;
And how they march'd up hand in hand,
And fixt within a Minnit:
Then every one,
When tune was done,
Did make their Curchyes gravely;
Although ſo young,

Yet

Yet all the throng
Did ſay, they did it bravely.

SONG 36.

The little Childrens figure-Dance, at the ſame Ball: And to that Tune.

SOme pretty young Ladies,
Got leave of their Daddyes:
In a figure dance of late,
To dance in a Ball,
At the *Brewers-Hall*:
Where every one had her mate,
Yet ſome were ſo ſmall,
Moſt thought in the Hall,
They'd come from ſucking but lately;
Yet the leſs kept figure,
As well as the bigger,
And all perform'd it compleatly.

And firſt came my Dame,
Sweet *Ad: : :* by Name,
Whoſe dancing is ayry and true:
Pretty *Un: : d: :* likewiſe,
She after her hies,
In time and good figure too:
Modeſt *Wil: : c:*, then,
Thoſe two follow in,

Yet

VVhe

VVho never in Dancing did wander,
And her pretty Partner,
Sweet *Ch: : a: :* to hearten her,
There is none for her Age go beyond her.

VVell countenanc'd *P: : :*
Though ſhe learn'd but of late,
Kept time and figure that day;
Then her Partner came,
Little *Jo: : ſ: :* by name,
VVho followed her every way:
Pretry *Ch: : l: :* too,
Did follow this Crew,
And footed it well and truly:
Brisk *Pea: : c: :* did
Trip after her in,
And kept her meaſure moſt duly.

Thus have you heard all,
This Dance at the Ball,
And who was Partners with other;
And how they did trip-it,
And handſom'ly skip it,
Until they meet one another:
VVhen the Tune was done,
But yet not too ſoon,
They made their Honors ſo neatly,
That all the great Crew,
That there took a view,
Did ſay, it was done compleatly.

SONG

SONG 37

A Dialogue between two Sisters.

FYe *Phillis*, fye, what love a Man?
I thought ye'ad had more wit.
Why Sister, You the Trade began,
I did but follow it.

No *Phillis* no, 'twas but in Jeſt,
It was not real love;
But Sister you did take no reſt,
This I can truly prove.

VVell *Phillis*, well, ſuppoſe it ſo,
It was not long I'me ſure.
Yes Sister, you do ſadly know,
It nine Moneths did endure.

Come, *Phyllis* come, I did but make,
You to believe 'twas ſo.
But Sister, 'tis not a miſtake,
Becauſe 'tis true I know.

So *Phillis*, ſo, I ſee you are
Still contradicting me.
Yes, Sister, when I find you far
From truth, it ſtill ſhall be.

Leave *Phillis*, leave, let's now a done;
I fein would give it o're.
No, Sifter, ſince you have begun,
Good Faith, you ſhall have more.

I muſt be taxt for loving one,
VVhen you have lov'd a ſcore;
And when you find they'r from you gone,
I muſt be chide therefore.

This only is the difference true,
Betwixt our Loves, I ſee:
You ſue to them, not they to you,
Mine firſt did ſue to me.

The Chorus to it.

The Proverb is made good of old,
VVhich Poets, and grave Sages told:
That Vice o're Vertue ſtill control'd,
But Vertue ſtill to Truth did hold;
VVhich is moſt true, and ever ſhall,
The very'ſt VVhore, firſt VVhore will call;
And that ſame ſpoke, which is the worſt
In a Cart-wheele, will crack the firſt.

SONG

SONG 38.

The West *Country-mans ſong.*

The Tune is: *I'le no more to* Malton *go, nor I'le no more to* Rippon.

ICh a no more to *Briſtow* Town,
Nor Ich a no more to *London*,
Where many gay Voke gea up and down,
And many poor Vokes are undone;
Bur Ich a gea heam to my Country Varme,
And there che chall buſh my *Maudlin*,
And when che come there, chil gi me a Pear,
And Ich a give her a Codlin.

Chill a brew me ſtill good nappy Ale,
The beſt in all the Sheere a,
And every Vortnight never fail,
To brew me good humming Beer a:
And when Ich a vrom Plow do come,
Chil ready have Ale, and a Toſt too;
And then chil a bid me welcome home,
And gi me both Boil'd and Roſt too.

When Ich have a mind to Bacon and Souſe,
Cheele kill the Hogge on a ſudden,
And then chall I have ſtill in the Houſe,

Good Bacon, and Souſe, and Pudding:
Then Ich a ſend up to *London* Town,
Where Ich ave a loving Cozen,
Some Bacon and Souſe, to keep the Houſe,
And Puddings ſend by the dozen.

Ich a zend up to *Siſly* too,
Myne Hoſteſs Maid at the *Anchor*,
Who was ſo kind, chil give her her due,
And Ich a for ever thank her,
Che'd gi me a Pot of Ale, ere while,
And many a Loving Buſs too;
When Ich a from *Maudlin* was many a mile,
Ichad no other Friend to truſt too.

Cham ſorry to part from *Siſly* now,
For Ich a chall never forget her,
Che's conſtant, kind, loving, and true,
Nor Ich a chall ne're have a better;
And when Ich a go to take my leave,
Chill give her a Pint of Canary;
And when Ich come home, chill ſend for her down,
And *Siſly* ſhall look to my dairy.

My *Maudlin* twice a week does go
To Market, to *Taunton* Dean a,
Then we muſt look to the Houſe I tro,
And then you know what I mean a:
But when Ich a hear my *Maudlin* come,
Then Ich a muſt look demurely,

Aad *Sisly* she, as cunning must be,
That so we may live securely.

SONG 39.

The Platonique Lover.

Smena I do not admire
Thy Star-like eyes, that are so bright;
Though others may,
Nor do I from their Beams take fire,
I'me guided by another Light,
More bright then they;
No, 'tis a vertue more Divine,
That makes me offer to thy shrine,
To that my vowes I pay.

Your stately presence, wit acute,
Inviting mean, and charming voice;
Though rare they be,
Or excellent touch upon the Lute,
Of which you have the greatest choice;
These take not me,
'Tis to thy beauteous Soul I bow,
To that alone, I've made a vow,
And cal'd my Deity.

Some outward Objects may admire,
And fondly rest themselves apaid,

 With

With thoſe alone,
Thoſe never yet fed my deſire,
Becauſe I know they often fade,
As ſoon as blown;
Unto thy vertuous Soul I bend,
VVhich will continue to the end,
VVhen others quite are flown.

SONG 40.

On a Gentlemen that was in Love with two Miſtriſſes at once.

I Have a flame within my breaſt,
Yet ſtill do freeze between two fires:
Sometimes I think *Aminta* beſt,
Whoſe ſight does heighten my deſires:
Bot when I do *Corinna* ſee,
Then ſhe alone's my Deity.

When I but on *Aminta* think,
With Joy I'me in an extaſie,
And that I'me at the very brink,
Of being her real Votorie:
But when *Corinna* I eſpy,
I'me chang'd i'th turning of an Eye.

Each does Inflame my tortur'd mind,
But know not which to chuſe of either:

Then

Then prethee *Cupid* be ſo kind,
To give me both, or give me neither;
For if I with *Aminta* bed,
Without *Corrinna* I'me but dead.

SONG 41.

A Drinking Song.

COme my Lads that love *Canary*,
Let us have a brisk Figary,
Underneath this ſpreading Vine,
Underneath this ſpreading Vine;
And there we will tipple,
Like Babes at the Nipple,
As long as we have a drop of Wine.

Fill me up a luſty Glaſs Boy,
He that bawks it is an Aſs Boy;
Fill it up unto the brim,
Fill it up unto the brim;
Fill'd quicker and quicker,
Until that the Liquor
Have made our muddy brains to ſwim.

Firſt, here's a health to *Moll* and *Betty*,
Who both thou knowſt are very pretty,
And are likewiſe full of coin,
And are likewiſe full of coin,

For when we do want Boyes,
They'l give us a grant Boyes,
Of that which ſtill does pay for our Wine.

Next here's a health to *Sue* and *Nanny*,
Who ſing and dance the beſt of any,
And are likewiſe very free,
And are likewiſe very free;
Then here's to'em both Boyes,
Good Faith I'de be loath Boyes,
To miſs their good healths, are ſo kind to me.

Come ſays one, let us ſtraight Boyes
All be gone, now 'tis late Boyes:
But another that was there,
But another that was there,
Said he'd lay him a Crown,
That he'd ſooner be gone,
The longer time he did tarry here.

SONG 42.

A Song of a whole Family, that were great Lovers of Bacchus.

MY Grandſire is a brave Fellow,
Keeps Men in Blew, and Yellow,
His drink it is ſtrong and mellow,
And has a good luſty ſwallow,

Yet

Yet learns to tipple and drink,
With Cups fill'd up to the brink,
I never knew him to ſhrink,
As long as he had any chink.

My Gran'ams a good old Woman,
Beloved of Knights, and Yeomen,
She never was foe to no Man,
And the Trade with her was common,
To learn to Tipple and kiſs,
Of which ſhe would never miſs,
Until that her brains did hiſs,
And her name was *Bonny Beſs.*

My Uncle is a brave Spark,
If he meet with ado in the dark,
In the midſt of any Park,
He never will miſs the mark,
Yet learns to bub good Ale,
Of which he ne're does fail,
And falls to't tooth and nail,
Whether't be new or ſtale.

My Aunt is a Woman kind,
She will not be behind,
If her Gallant ſhe can find,
She'l only give her mind,
To learn the drinking Trade,
And kiſſing too in the ſhade,
And ne're will ſtir, as 'tis ſaid.

Until that the Reckoning's paid.

My Brothers's a luſty young Gallant,
Knows *Flandres*, and *Zeland*, and *Brabant*,
And lately's come out of *Holland*,
And freely will ſpend his Talent,
To learn this bubbing art,
At which he is very ſmart,
And from it will never ſtart,
Till all the Company part.

My Siſter is a brave Laſs,
For ſo it came to paſs,
That kiſſing on the graſs
Her chiefeſt pleaſure was,
To learn to drink and tip,
And ſtill have the Cup at her lip,
At which ſhe would always ſip,
Till up her heels it did trip.

Thus Uncle, Grannam, and Granſire,
You ſee to their Cups wou'd ſtand Sir,
And Aunt, and Siſter, and Brother,
Did teach it to one another;
And all were very well read,
In this kiſſing and bubbing Trade,
And never in any decay'd,
Until they were all of 'em dead.

SONG

SONG. 43.

A Mock Song to Cellamina of my heart, none ſhall e're bereave me: And to that Tune.

PRetty Peggy grant to me
One ſweet kiſs, to prove me
If I ſtick not cloſe to thee,
As the wood-bine to thee,
Mayſt thou never love me.

Paſſion is a ſimple thing,
That will ne're content ye,
It will never pleaſure bring,
But will leave behind a ſting,
That will ſtill torment ye.

Love that Brisk and ayry is,
Brings a Lady pleaſure;
But if dull our bloods will freeze,
Which will make you by degrees
To repent at leaſure.

Heightned Love doth ſtill beget,
Torment to the Maſter;
For Jealouſy is ſuch a cheat,
No Phyſitian e're cou'd yet
Find for it a Plaſter.

Anger ſtill doth ſtir up Love,
And increaſe the fancy,
If't be moderate then you'l prove,
'Tis the only Sphear to move
In, for to advance ye.

SONG 44.

On a whipping School-maſter.

The Tune is: *Old* Tom *a Bedlam.*

THere was a Jerking Maſter,
That was of humour muddy,
His Schollars he'd Lerk,
And ſo ſoundly Jerk,
Till their breeches all were bloody.

A Rumpiſh new made Captain,
Whoſe name was *Robin Burrows*,
When in he was come,
He ſo p'oud up his bum,
That it lay in Ridges and furrows.

Likewiſe came in a *Porter*,
Who diſturb'd this humming concord,
Then he took up his Frock,
And he taw'd his nock;
Nay, he paid him with his own cord.

Then

Then came a lusty *Brewer*,
By name *Cornelius Wallis*,
He whipt him so sore,
Both behind and before,
Till his Breech was not'cht like's Tallyes.

Then came in a *Car-man*,
When he was in his fury,
He took's wip away,
And with it did him pay,
Till he cry'd, ge wo I'le assure ye.

A *Taylor* came to mend then
His Breeches and his Gown too,
But he claw'd him of so,
Before he did go,
He was forc'd to mend his own too.

A *Drunkard* came toth' door then,
In the Month of dull *October*;
Though the Man was young,
Yet he whipt him so long,
Until he had whipt him sober.

An *Upholster* came to put up,
Some hangings in the Garret,
Yet he hung him on the back,
Of his lusty Man *Jack*,
Till his breech was as red as Claret.

A *Cobler* came to underlay
His Shoes, and them to mend too,
Yet he did him ſo Thump,
On the top of the Rump,
'Twas almoſt his *Laſt* and *End* too.

A *Tinker* knockt at door too,
And made a woeful din there,
And inſtead of work,
He was wipt like a Turk,
Until he had ſcarce any skin there.

A *Rope-maker* came by chance,
And made ſuch a noiſe with crying,
That he took ſome of's Cords,
And without more words,
Did whip him inſtead of buying.

Then a luſty Wench came in once,
Who ſo it ſeems was ſomething waggiſh,
Her name was *Gillion*,
Yet he torn'd up her Pillion,
And he us'd her like a Baggage,

The weapons that he fought with,
In *Birch-lane* they were made ſtill,
And the Man grew rich,
By this War for the brich,
Becauſe he was truly paid ſtill.

At lak this bold Schoolmaſter,
So weary was with wipping,
He cou'd whip no more,
Death whipt in at door,
And did ſeaze upon him ſleeping.

SONG 45.

A Mock to a Song called, ſince Fortune thou art grown ſo kind: And to that Tune.

O All ye Powers that Rule above,
I have a boon to beg of *Jove*,
Which I deſire;
Which if he grant and ſhall approve,
I ſtill within that Sphear will move,
And go no higher:
I ſtill within that Sphear will move,
And go no higher.

And firſt do deſire to be,
A Yeoman of a low degree,
And Lands to have,
On which I may live merrily,
And leav't to my poſterity,
'Tis all I crave:
And leav't to my, &c.

But now it comes into my mind,

Becauſe I would not be behind,
In place and power,
I'de be a Gentleman well lind,
And with a pretty Girl be joind,
Then beg no more;
And with a pretty Girl be joind,
Then beg no more.

And when that I have liv'd a while
In this Eſtate with fortunes ſmile,
With your good leave,
I'de be a Squire too, if you pleaſe,
And ſtill to live in health and eaſe,
'Tis all I crave;
And ſtill to live, &c.

And when that you have grant me this,
I'de likewiſe Juſtice be o'th Peace,
And *Quoram* grave,
That ſo I ſtill might dominere,
Over all Men in the Shire,
'Tis all I'de have;
Over all Men, &c.

And after this I do intreat,
I might be Knight and Baronet,
With riches ſtore;
And every day the beſt of Meat,
For me and my good Friends to eat,
I crave no more. For me, &c.

An-

Another Boon, if you'l afford,
I do deſire to be a Lord,
With Lands good ſtore,
That ſo I may ſix Horſes keep,
For my fine Coach of excellent ſhape,
I crave no more: For my, &c.

And likewiſe then I further crave,
To be an Earl, that's rich and brave,
With Houſes ſtore,
To each a Park fil'd full of Deer,
And groves of Timber here and there;
I beg no more: And groves, &c.

And then me thinks I fein would be
A Duke likewiſe, of higheſt degree,
With Lands o'th beſt,
That ſo I may keep Miſſes ſtore,
Which if you grant, I le beg no more,
I do proteſt: Which if &c.

But now I think upon it well,
I have no mind to go to Hell,
For all I have;
But do deſire that I may go
To Heaven my ſelf, and Friends alſo,
'Tis all I crave:
To Heaven my ſelf, and Friends alſo,
'Tis all I crave.

SONG 46.

A Gentleman on his Mistriss lately forced into the Country.

FAir Saint farwel, to thee I'le pay,
The tribute of my vows each day,
Distance of place shall ne're bring me,
To play the Heretick 'gainst thee;
Though thou art absent, yet will I
Remain thy constant votary.

Dear Object of my Souls delight,
Though thou art ravish'd from my sight,
New Beauties shall not me surprise,
I none of those will Idolise;
My loyal heart shall ever be,
A Sacrifice reserv'd for thee.

Should any ask the reason why,
Sorrow's Triumphant in mine eye,
Or what the cause is that my grief,
Exceed all Limits of relief;
'Tis too to plain, since I must say,
The fair *Belinda's* gone away.

SONG 47.

In praiſe of his beautiful Miſtriſs.

WHen firſt my *Lucaſta* my heart did ſurpriſe,
By the attraction of Beauty, & power of her eyes,
I trembled, and ſighed, and ſtedfaſtly gaz'd,
Until that my thoughts in raptures were rais'd,
That Monarch's unworthy, who grutches to part
With Scepter or Crown to attain ſuch a heart.

Were the Curtains of Age drawn over that face,
Where now dwells perfection of Beauty and Grace;
Her tongue is ſo charming and language ſo fit,
Some call her Angel, ſo Divine is her wit;
But whil'ſt Wit and Beauty each other ſupport,
She'l be the chief Gallant of Town and of Court.

Let none then preſume with *Lucaſta* to vie
A Star of her Luſter out-ſhines all that's nigh;
That Beauty's no Beauty, if ſhe be but near,
All Beauty to hers, ſtill a foil will appear:
What wiſh could I wiſh, were I ſure of a grant,
But to Love as I do, and adore ſuch a Saint.

Let Envy now burſt, and ſpeak if it dare,
Since all the World knows, how much ſhe is fair;
A mind that's ſo Noble, a Spirit ſo brave,

Who would not then wiſh ſtill to be her Slave:
I would not be freed, though an Empire I gain
A troubleſome Crown, cannot equal my chain.

SONG 48.

A Complaint againſt Love.

LOve is a ſickneſs full of woes,
All remedy refuſing;
A plant that with moſt cutting grows,
Moſt barren with leaſt uſing:
Why ſo?
More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoy'd, it ſighing cryes,
Hey ho.

Love is a torment of the mind,
A tempeſt everlaſting;
And you have made it of a kind,
Not well, nor full, nor faſting.
Why ſo?
More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoy'd, it ſighing cryes,
Hey ho.

SONG 49.

A Song by a Person of Quality.

Love is a passion every one must have;
'Twas never known that freedom reach'd the grave;
Those glowing fires alwayes existent are, (dare
Though they're at first unknown; and then we
Huff at the Boy, and call him blind, defie
His Art, and all that lyes in destiny.

We choak our know'edge in a Spungy Tomb,
Contented Ignorance doth give the doom:
We strive to think we are in the right, but then
We can not think, for yet we are not Men:
Thus for a while w'are foyl'd, as in a dream,
Till the Sparks join, and burst into a flame.

AN ELYGY

On Sir Edward Sprague.

Pale like the Prisoners, trembling at the Barr,
When they to death condemn'd byth' Judges are,
look'd true *English-men* with self same fear
Surpriz'd, when they their Admirals fate did hear,
Sad a Consternation, seaz'd on all

Their hopes in him, have found their Funeral,
The future Age shall curse that rigid Fate,
Which did decree such ruine to the State
Of *Britain's* Isle, so soon for to admit,
Death should arrest what was so dear to it:
God *Mars* dejectedly does hang his head,
Since his brave matchless Darling *Sprague* is dead:
Those victorious Lawrels, which did heretofore
Invest his Temples, he from thence hath tore;
And hath resolv'd, all his Trophys shall
Be in one Pyle burnt, at his Funeral.
The Sea-born God, doth sit oppress'd with grief,
Cursing the VVaves, for yeilding no relief
To him, who did alone deserve that they,
Should their just Tribute of obedience pay.
Weep *Brittains*, weep, and let your flowing Ey
Bring Floods of Tears, each day for Sacrifice,
To his dear Memory; whose spotless Fame
Shall live, till Death it self shall want a Name.

On Epitaph on the same.

Hence flatt'ring Mourners, you whose hyred Ey
Can weep, not grief at funeral Obsequies;
Whose sighs and tears do only serve like smeak,
To crow'd your selves, into a Mourning cloak;
Let none such dare presume this place, 'tis for tru
And real Plaintifs, here's no room for you:
Should all true Mourners wait upon his Herse,
VVe then must Congregate the Universe;

VVhi

VVhich were not safe, for fear the Tears which fall
Should cause a Deluge, at his Funeral,
VVithin this Urns his Magazeen, whose worth
No Tongue, nor Pen, can really set forth:
Here, here, alas! he lyes Intered! each dust
Of whom deserves Executors in trust.

SONG. 50.

A Match at Drinking.

LEt the Bowl pass free,
From thee unto me,
As it first came to thee;
'Tis pitty that we should confine it,
Seeing we have, both Credit, and Coin yet;
Let it e'ne take it's course,
There's no stopping it's force;
Let him hang, that first does decline it.

Away cast the cares,
Your shops and your wares,
Those Irrational fears,
Let your minds be as frolick as his'en is,
That from his young Bride newly risen is:
VVe will banish that Soul,
That comes here to condole,
VVhich is troubled with Love, or with business.

There's no Man we'l name,
Nor a Lady Inflame,
That is given to'th game,
It will to adumpiſhnes drive all,
And make us go mad, and go wive all:
VVe will have this whole Night
Set apart for delight,
And our Mirth ſhall have no corrival.

Then ſee that the Glaſs
In its Circuit does paſs,
Till it comes where it was;
And every Mans Noſe has been in it,
Till he ends it, that firſt did begin it,
As *Copernicus* found,
That the VVorld goes round,
VVe will prove, ſo ſhall every thing in it.

SONG 51.

The Fooliſh kind Husband.

A Very pretty Girl was forc'd to VVed
A Rich, but Country Bumkin, (as 'tis ſaid;)
His kindneſs to her was great; nay, lov'd her ſo,
That for his life he could not her forgo;
VVith Preſents alſo he would daily ply her,
And gave her more ſtill then ſhe did deſire:
He ask'd her Parents to what kind of Meat

She

She lik'd beſt, he'd provide it her to eat?
They told him ſhe did delight in Furmity,
And that with Sugar it muſt ſweetned be;
VVhich he provided for her every day,
Thinking to get her Love that kind of way.

One Night it fortuned ſhe had eat good ſtore,
VVhich made her Belly rumble o're and o're:
And being that Night both a Bed together,
She tumbled and toſt ſtill hither, and thither;
And at the laſt, (which is a certain truth,)
She clapt her ſweet Bum to her Husbands mouth;
And he being then 'twixt ſleeping and waking,
VVas the chief cauſe of his miſtaking;
He thought it her Mouth, and believ'd that ſhe
D d it a purpoſe, to kiſs him Lovingly;
Then he began to kiſs it very roundly,
And ſhe poor heart did likewiſe fizle ſoundly:
Yet he kiſt on; at laſt ſays he, my Dear,
VVhat haſt thee eat to Night? ſomething I'le ſwear
Hath made thy breath ſmell very ſtrong; he buſt agen,
But ſhe anſwered him only in fizles then.
Dear VViſe, ſays he, me thinks thy face to night
Is wonderfully ſwell'd; yet he with might
And main, ſtill in his buſſing humour kept;
But ſhe did only fizle, and ſtill ſlept.
Me thinks thy face is ſo much ſwel'd, it grows
Bigger and bigger, that I can't find thy Noſe:
He askt her what ſhe had a mind to have
To Morrow for her Dinner? ſhe only gave

Him

Him a ſoyſting anſwer, and not to's wiſh,
For he thought when ſhe fizled, ſhe ſed aw fiſh,
No ſays he, I hate Fiſh, of all kinds of Meat.
But ſhe cry'd, aw Fiſh; which put him in a heat,
And if ſhe would not tell him, he did ſwear,
That he wou'd take her a good box o'th ear.
Yet ſhe kept up her fizling Dialect ſtill,
That he, it ſeems, with ſcent was very ill;
And thought that he had ſtruck her on the face,
But to his coſt he found 'twas in another place:
For with the blow, ſhe flounc't the furmety out
In his ſweet face, and boſom round about.
Uds Nigs, ſaid he, I've beaten out the brains
Of my dear VVife, and ſhall be hang'd for my pains.
Then he cry'd out with might and main, poor heart;
VVhich noiſe did make his fizling VVife to ſtart:
Up comes a Maid, who laught till ſhe did tickle,
To ſee her ſweet Maſter in ſuch a pickle.
Then up they got, and ſate, until the Maid,
Had cleans'd the Man, and put freſh Sheets o'th Bed;
And glad he was, to ſee his VVife not dead,
Swearing he'd never ſtrike her again in the Bed.

Next Night ſhe had Furmety alſo, and when
She came to Bed, ſhe ſpew'd it up agen:
Says he, my Dear, I find it does not pleaſe ye,
I'me ſorry ſuch Furmity ſhould diſeaſe ye;
And being a Man that had a ſaving Soul,
Did quickly riſe, and fetcht a Spoon and Bowl;
And with the Spoon did keel it up ſo clean,

That

That on the Sheets there was none to be seen,
'Twas put into the Bowl, and there it stood
Until the Morrow, (very fresh and good;)
And when his Servants all were come from Plow,
He cal'd his Seeds-man to him: saying, *Hugh*
Dost thee love Furmety? Yes, Sir, that I do.
Here tak't, says he, and heat it, 'tis fresh and new;
And when 'twas hot, did put therein some bread,
That being done, he whipt it up with speed.
His Master askt him then, how it did eat?
Troth Sir, says he, I ne're eat better Meat.
Much good may it do thee; for by this light,
It would not stay with my poor Wife last Night.
Say you so, says he, nor it shan't with me;
And flounc't it out on's face immediately:
That two Nights together his Wife, and he,
Did kindly wash his face with Furmety.

SONG 51.

A Dialogue between a Gallant, and his Mistriss

To the Tune: *Of the new French Dance called* Backnal.

Man. COme my *Molly*,
Let's be jolly,
Since we are gotten together, my Dear,
Thy Father's snorting,

An

And we'l be ſporting,
Without any fear.

Wo. I but *Neddy*,
My old Daddy
Shou'd he but miſs me, O then
He will watch us,
If he catch us,
I never ſhall ſee thee agen.

Man. Prethee *Mally*,
Let's not dally.
This is the happieſt time we have had;
We will Improve
Our Tallent of Love,
In ſpight of the Dad.

Wo. I but *Neddy*
He is ready
Still on a ſudden to wake;
Shou'd he miſs me,
Heavens bleſs me,
What anſwer d'e think I can make.

Man. Hang him *Molly*,
'Tis but a folly
Now to diſpute it, we muſt give it ore;
Let him leave thee,
And I'le receive thee;
What woud'ſt thou have more?

Wo. I ſee *Neddy*,
There's no remedy,

But

But that I muſt be thy mate;
Then far-well honor
Out upon her,
We Women muſt yeild to our Fate.

SONG 52.

The faithful Lover.

To the Tune: *O my* Clariſſa *thou cruel fair.*

MY dear *Elinda* I now muſt go,
My cruel Parents tell me ſo,
They, they, and only they,
Do force me hence away,
But my poor heart do anſwer no:

For that is dedicate to thee,
And ſo for evermore ſhall be;
I here do vow and ſwear,
Never to break, my Dear,
That plighted Faith 'twixt thee and me.

Sure goodneſs now is gone aſtray,
Since Money bears the bell away;
'Tis not what is ſhe now,
But 'tis, what has ſhe now.
That, that alone, bears all the ſway.

And though my dear *Elinda* now,
My Parents wear a wrincled brow;
If they have no remorſe,
No threatnings e're ſhall force
Me, to forſake thee, or my vow.

SONG 53.

The forſaken Maid.

To the Tune: *Of Balloo.*

MY deareſt Baby, prethee ſleep,
It grieves me ſore to ſee thee weep;
Would'ſt thou wert quiet, I ſhould be glad,
Thy mourning makes me very ſad:
Lye ſtill my Boy,
Thy Mothers joy;
Thy Father caus'd my ſad annoy:
Ch. Ay me, ay me, ay me, ay me, ay me, ay me poor Maid,
That by my folly, my folly, am betray'd.

And thou my Darling ſleep a while:
Yet when thou 'wak'ſt do ſweetly ſmile:
Yet ſmile not as thy Father did
To cozen Maids; Nay, God forbid:
But now I fear,
That thou, my Dear,
Thy Fathers face, and mind will bear:

Ay me, ay me, ay me, ay me, ay me, ay me, poor maid
That by my folly, my folly, am betray'd.

When he began to Court my Love,
I thought him like the Gods above,
His sug'red words so pearc't my heart,
(And vow'd from me he'd never part)
But now I see,
That cruel he,
Cares neither for my Babe, nor me.
Ay me, ay me, &c.

Far-well, far-well, thou falsest Youth,
That ever kiss'd a Womans mouth;
Let never Maid then after me,
Commit her, to thy Courtesie;
For cruel thou,
If once they bow;
Wilt thou abuse them, thou car'st not how,
Ch. Ay me, ay me, ay me, ay me, ay me, ay me, poor
That by my folly, my folly, am betray'd. (Maid,

SONG 54.

A Mock to, how hard is a heart to be win'd.

HOw hard is a Wench to be gotten,
That is not all over be-itcht,
She'l be sure to make a Man rotten,

If on her his fancy be pitch't,
And nothing but Death can relieve
The pangs that he muſt endure,
VVhen he from her ſhall receive
The things, that admits of no cure.

One had better take one to himſe'f,
VVithout danger of any relapſe,
And in VVine ſpend all his Pelf,
VVithout danger of getting of claps,
And enjoy his own mate at his pleaſure;
And that it once may be ſaid,
Of himſelf he had ſpent all his treaſure,
And once had lain with a Maid.

SONG 55.

A Mock Song, to fly Boyes to the Cellar Bottom.

STay Boyes, ſtay, we'l have no Canary,
Our Pockets quite are empty,
Stay then till we have plenty;
For a Penny we cannot ſpare ye,
For VVine we don't care
It goes againſt the Hair,
And we'l ſtay not;
For I know 'twill vex you much,
And I'me ſure yov'l it grutch,
If we ſhould be thoſe as pay not.

SONG

SONG. 56.

A Mock to, Why ſo pale and wand ſond Lover.

WHy ſo proud you ſaucy Jade,
Prethee why ſo proud;
You ſcorn the Complements I have made,
Will Curſes be allow'd;
Prethee why ſo proud.

Why ſo brazen-fac't and bold,
Prethee why ſo ſurly,
To ſay you were a bawling Scold
Wou'd make a hurly burly;
Prethee why ſo ſurly.

SONG 57.

A Mock to, Calm was the Evening and cleer was the Skye.

SHarp was the Air, and cold was the Ground,
When Old Roger and I was walking,
And a warm place was not to be found,
But ſtarv'd we were in our talking:
We made haſte to our Chimney Corner,

But we made such a smoke,
It did us e'ne choke,
Till we fell to cough ho, ho, ho, ho, ho,
Cough, ho, ho, ho.

He laid his sweet Mouth to my face,
And his Nose did drop on my chin,
Which brought me into the same case,
For a driveling I did begin,
And down it did run very low:
But the best, of the jest
Was, we cought out the rest,
And we cought out, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho,
Cought ho, ho, ho.

I puk't and my Lungs did heave,
And he poor Man held my head
Was so kind, that he did not leave
Until he had got me to bed:
Then down he came, and lay by me,
Therein he was kind enough:
We were each fourscore,
And cou'd do no more,
But did cough, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho,
Cought ho, ho, ho.

SONG. 58.

ADieu fond World, and all thy wiles,
Thy haughty frowns, and treacherous ſmiles;
They that behold thee with their Eyes,
Thy double dealing will deſpiſe.

From the falſe World my deadly foe,
Into ſome Deſart let mé go,
Some Gloomy melancholly Cave,
Dark, and ſilent, dark and ſilent as the Grave.

Let me withdraw, where I may be,
From thy Impertinency free:
There when I hear the Turtle groan,
How ſweetly would I make my moan.

Kind *Philomel* would teach me there,
My ſorrow pleaſantly to bear:
There would I correſpond with none,
But Heaven, and mine own breaſt alone.

SONG 59.

HOw bonny and brisk how pleasant and sweet,
Were Jenny & I while my passions were strong
So eagerly each others flames we did meet,
That a Minutes delay did appear to be long:
The vows that I made her, she seal'd with a kiss,
Till my Soul I had lost in a rapture of bliss.

I vow'd, and I thought I could ever have lov'd,
When beauty and kindness together I found,
So sweetly she lookt, and so sweetly she mov'd,
That I fansied my strength with my joys to abound
The pleasure I gave she did doubly requite,
By finding out ever new ways for delight.

At length when enjoyment had put out my fire,
My strength was decay'd, and my passion was done
So pall'd was my Fancy, so tame my desire,
That I from the Nimph very fain would have gone
Ah Jenny said I, we adore you in vain,
For beauty enjoy'd doth but turn to disdain.

FINIS.

SONG.

SONG. 60.

A Mock Song to Cellamina of my heart, none ſhall ever bereave me. And to that Tune.

Moll. I nere yet knew [illegible] mind,
Once again I'le pro[illegible],
If thou wilt but be ſo kind,
To kiſs me twice or thrice behind,
Faith Ile ever love thee.

Tom, I'me Ignorant I vow,
Which way to come to it,
But if you the way will ſhow,
Firſt kiſs mine; then I ſhall know
The better how to do it.

We'l draw Cuts then if thou woo't
Now, within this Minute.
And when we have drawn the Lot,
They that have the ſhorteſt Cut,
They ſhall firſt begin it.

Hang your Cuts, do you begin't,
You're the firſt did move it,
And when I ſee you doo't in Print,
Sure you'l think the Devils in't,
Should I not approve it.

SONG 61.

A Mock to that against Marriage, Called out of pure, and Servant Devotion.

Out of my cast, and good intent,
In Marriage now my life shall be spent,

'Tis the end of Debauchery, the beginning of pleasure,
The preserver of Youth, wit, vertue, and treasure,
And there's no danger of a troublesome Night,
Or occasion with Constable, or Watchmen to fight;
And so equal a thing is the Marriage Notion,
That from years end, to years end, it keeps the same motion;
For in Wenches and Cracks there's a great deal of trouble;
Their Hectors they huff you & make you their bubble;
The wenches they cheat, make you pawn cloak, and hat,
To find Money only to give you a cap,
That's so hard to be cured: there's no more to be said
Keep close to your Wife, and enjoy her in Bed.

SONG

SONG 62.

A Mock to, Let's laugh and be merry.

LEt's away from the Tavern, and not be ſo mad,
To be drunk every day, now the world is ſo bad,
And run after Wenches i'th Park or the Fields,
To waſte our Eſtates, when no profit it yeilds:
But now we grow far wiſer, then e're we have been,
And upon all occaſions in our Shops to be ſeen:
For he that ſpends Money, on Wenches and drink,
May ſtarve without coin, when our pockets do chink-

SONG 63.

POx take your humours Maddam, don't believe,
'Cauſe you frown, I'me ſuch an Aſs to grieve;
'Cauſe I have got a fooliſh trick to prate,
And call you handſome, muſt you put on ſtate;
Sometimes I rant it higher; and compare
Your Eyes to Stars, the very Angels Livery; ſwear
You out vie the Sun in his defuſive way;
Come don't believe all is true I ſay;
I ne're could take ſuch pleaſure in a kiſs,
Nor in a ſmile conceive ſo great a bliſs:
Nor e're could ſmell the ſweetneſs, which the Air
Drew from your breath, unleſs your hair

Were powdred : I've a Critick gueſs, and can allow
A counterfeited wrincle on the Brow;
Provided it be to prepare a light
To ſweeten joy, and reliſh Appetite :
But if you frown in earneſt, when I wooe
And ſerious are : by *Jove* I can do ſo to.
Take heed, this do not bring you to that paſs,
That all ſhall ſcorn to Court you, but your Glaſs :
Then you with ſorrow may your ſhadow tell,
You had a Servant once that lov'd you well:
Till your own folly loſt him : then be ſure,
If you'le be lov'd by me, with Love that's pure
And ſhine as glorious as you did before ;
Henceforth be wiſe, and anger me no more.

SONG. 64.

LOng ſince fair *Clarinda*, my paſſion did move,
Whilſt under my friendſhip, I conveyed my love
But now I muſt ſpeak, though I fear tis in vain,
'Tis too late in my Death to diſſemble my pain
In telling my Love, though I fear I ſhall deny,
I ſhall eaſe my ſad heart, and more quietly die.

But ſure by my eyes you my paſſion may find,
No Friendſhip e're Languiſht, or lookt half ſo kind,
Though I ſaid not I lov'd, you might ſee it ſo plain,
Friends uſ'd not to ſigh, or to ſpeak with ſuch pain :
Each touch with her hand, ſuch warmth did inſpire
My

My face was all Feavor, my heart was all fire.

My thoughts are so tender, my Tongue cannot tell,
What bliss would be your's, if you lov'd half so well
Let the the thing with the Title or property prove,
Let him have the show, and me have the love:
I have lov'd you so long, that if you delay,
You will owe me so much, that you never can pay.

SONG. 65.

WHat a Riddle is Love, if thought on aright,
Tis mirth mixt with sorrow, & pain with de-light,
Tis a pleasant Disease, and de icate smart,
At once the vexation, and joy of my heart.

For this Signal Gr ce to the world I declare,
In Earth, Heaven, and Hell, Lov's power's the same,
No Laws there, nor here, no Gods so severe,
But Love can repeal, and Beauty can tame.

SONG. 66.

WHen on my sick-bed I Languish,
Full of sorrowful Anguish,
Faiting, Gasping, Trembling, Crying,
Panting, Groaning, Speechless, Dying;
My soul just now, about to take her flight,

Into

Into the Region of Eternal Night;
O tell me you,
That have been long below,
What ſhall I do?
VVhat ſhall I think, when cruel Death appears,
That may extenuate my fears?
Me thinks I hear ſome gentle Spirit ſay,
Be not fearful, come away:
Think with thy ſelf, that now thou ſhalt be free,
And find thy long expected liberty:
Thou mayſt, but worſt thou canſt not be,
Then in the Vale of tears, and miſery:
Like *Cæſar*, with aſſurance then come on;
And unamaz'd attempt the Lawrel Crown,
What lyes on th'other ſide Deaths *Rubicon*.

SONG 67.

PHilander, and *Sylvia*, a gentle ſoft pair,
VVhoſe buſineſs was love and kiſſing their care,
In a ſweet ſmelling grove went ſighing along,
Till the youth gave a vent to his heart, by his tongue:
O *Sylvia*, ſaid he, (and ſigh as he ſpoke)
Your cruel reſolve, will you never revoke?
No never, ſhe ſaid. How never! he cry'd,
'Tis the ill that ſhall only that Sentence abide.

SONG

SONG 68.

FAir *Celia* too fondly contemns thoſe de'ights,
wherewith gentle Nature, hath ſoftned the nights:
If ſhe be ſo kind to preſent us with power:
The fau't is our own to n:glect the good hour:
Who gave thee thy beauty, ordain'd thou ſhouldſt be
As kind to thy S aves, as the Gods are to thee.

SONG 69.

The Gadding Gallant.

To the Tune of, *She lay all naked in her bed.*

WHy ſhould'ſt thou ſay *Arinda*, I
Have been untrue to thee?
Thou knowſt a week I did comply,
And was thy Votary;
VVhich was a tedious time to me,
Becauſe that heretofore
I ne're did ſtay
Above a day,
Nor ne're intend it more.

Do but obſerve the induſtrious Bee,
VVho after every ſhower,

VVill

VVill ſwiftly fly from Tree to Tree,
And ſip at every flowre:
VVere ſhe confind'd to one alone,
The pleaſure would be void:
But being free
VVithal, you ſee
The Fancy nere is cloy'd.

Likewiſe I pray what he or ſhe,
VVhither of Fleſh or Fiſh,
VVou'd be content perpetualy,
To feed upon one Diſh;
Too much of one things good for nought,
And dulls the Appetite;
And all agree,
Variety
Do's raiſe it to the height.

Beſides *Arinda*, know that change
Is now the only mode,
And every one delights to Range,
And make their Meals abroad;
Then why ſhould I be ty'd to one
Since all are free beſide,
Yet thoud'ſt have me
Be fixt to thee,
As if thou wert my Bride.

SONG.

SONG 70.

Tune is, *And 'tis the knave of Clubs bears all the sw*

I Sing of Sciences which fate,
To *Engliſh-men* has brought of late;
And though from forreign parts they came,
Yet we have all embrac'd the ſame.
And now have fixt them ſo well here,
They'r all a mode de *Angliterre*.

Firſt Boy, if thou haſt ſtore of Chink,
And haſt a mind to learn to drink,
Although the *Dutch-men* ſhew'd the way
To tipple Brandy Night and Day;
Yet we the knack on't now have here,
'Tis all a Mode, &c.

Haſt thou a mind thy time to paſs,
With a Mis or pretty Laſs.
And though the *French* at firſt did ſhow
The way to all, yet you muſt know
We now ſo much eſteem it here,
'Tis all a Mode, de *Angliterre*.

Haſt thou a mind to learn to Swear,
The wicked'ſt Oath that ever were,
Though the *Germans* it began,
We now do ſwear, and curſe and ban;
'Tis pleaſant grown to every ear,
And all a Mode, &c.

Haſt

Last thou a mind to learn to Lye,
To Cozen, Cheat, and Cogg a die,
Which we from Forrein parts have learn'd,
Yet more plainly now it is descern'd,
That we so well have learn't it here,
'Tis all a mode, &c.

Last would'st thou learn to Quarrel too,
Here thou may'st do't with small ado,
From thence away to duelling,
Which we from Forrein Parts did bring;
And now 'tis so establish'd here,
'Tis all a mode, &c.

Thus have you heard both one and all,
The Sciences Illiberal,
Which here are learn'd in little space,
And all are done with Divellish grace;
And being made free Denizens here,
They'r all a mode de *Angliterre*.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

PAge 10. line 18, alwas read always. p. 13. l. 8. tongue r. thunder. p. 18. l. 21. add when. p. 45. l. 13. *Thrgeo* r. *Turgeo*. p. 46. l. 4. *Rinno* r. *Renuo*. p. 47. l. 27. *Drodo* r. *Prodo*. p. 48. l. 12. *Puso* r. *Pulso*. p. 63. l. 6. Thus r. There. p. 78. l. 8. round r. unwed. p. 80. l. 7. Thy r. There. p. 111. l. 1. last r. last. p. 137. l. 20. Faiting r. Fainting.

MOCK SONGS
AND
Joking Poems,
All Loud;
Consisting of Mocks to several late Songs about the Town.

With other
NEW SONGS,
AND
INGENIOUS POEMS
Much in use at *Court*, and both Theaters.

Never before Printed.

By the Author of Westminster *Drollery.*

LONDON,
Printed for *William Birch*, at the Peacock in the *Poultry*, near *Old Jury*. 1675.

DOCK SONGS,

AND

Joking Poems.

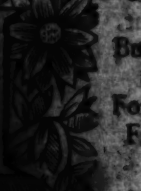
Douce

S. 359

SONG. I.

The Resolute Gallant.

Tune is, *Farewel unkind one, since you so design, &c.*



IF e're I love agen, Boyes,
Nanny shall be she;
But twenty 'tis to ten, boyes,
She ne're will fancy me;
For I have been a mad Rogue
From Twelve to Thirty-One,
To Drink, and Kiss,
And court a Miss,
Was Second unto none:
Yet now 'tis time to VVed, boyes,
VVhen Coin and Credit's gone.

Once I had a pretty Miss,
VV-ou'd Sing, and Dance and Play,
And sit and Court, and Clip, and Kiss,
A live-long Summers day.

[675]

And to we did contrive.
Until her Purse did fail;
Then I began,
To play the Man,
And hoisted up my Sail;
And like an Arrant Haggard,
To her turn'd the Tail.

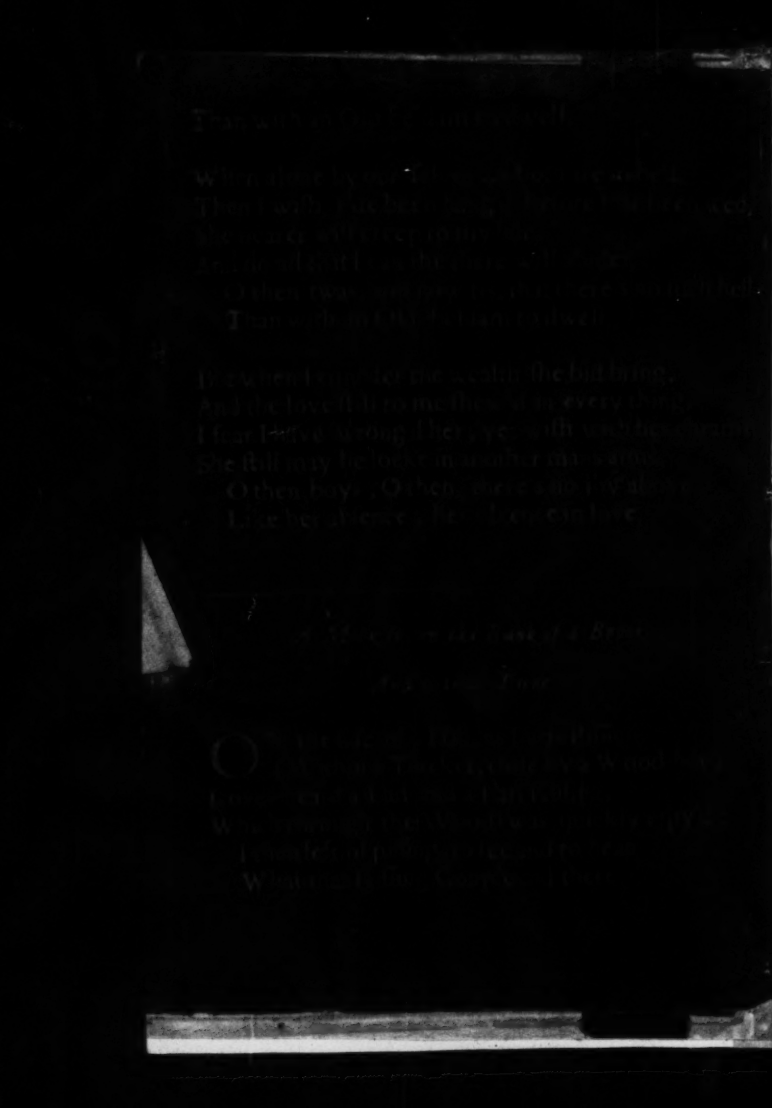
Now muſt I to *Nanny* go,
And let her know my mind;
Sh'as Wit, and Chink, and beauty too,
And ſtill to me was kind:
But if ſhe does refuſe me,
Pox take her, let her go:
I'le Hunt about,
I'le Town throughout,
[illegible] many moe;
[illegible]nt I am, boyes,
There's few can ſay me no.

SONG. 2.

A Mock to a Lover I am, and a Lover I'le be.

And to that Tune.

A Drunkerd I am, and a Drunkerd I'le dye.
And the ſight of a brimmer does cherriſh my eye
Though my guts are ſo full, there's no room for a dro[illegible]



O ſays the Shepherd, piſh, why [illegible] denying;
Come, come, your Mother did once do the ſame:
Thoſe are good Natur'd Girls, that are complying:
Fye, fye, my *Molly*: indeed y' are to blame,
'Tis kindneſs that makes me love you ſo well,
And then we afford ye, what *Robin* gave *Nell*.

Come ſays ſhe, then let's leave this p'ace behind us,
(For Hedges have Ears, and Buſhes have Eyes)
Into a private nook, where none may find us,
There we ſome pretty ſport, both will deviſe:
So then from all ſpyes we both ſhall be free,
But, O what a World of pleaſure 'twill be.

SONG. 5.

A Mock to, I will go to my Love where he lyes in the Deep. And to that Tune.

I Will go to my Love, where ſhe lyes in the Park,
(At the Lodg cal'd St. *Whetſtones*) before it be dark
Where we'l ſleep; when awake, the kind Fidlers ſhall
And the Coaches to *Maribone* draw us away. (play

My Love ſhe ha's Money, of which ſhe is free,
And of all the Deer in the Park, ſtill kindeſt to me;
Though the reſt of the Crew there, do envy our bliſs,
Yet there's none of e'er all, that can teach us to kiſs.

My Love she do's lye as well it is known,
(Which is strange in that place) in a bed of her own
I will kiss her dear Lips, while her Money do's last,
But when it is gone, to another I'le hast.

SONG. 4.

A Drunken Mock, to come away my Daphne.

COme my bully-rock away,
We do waft this drinking day,
Tis *Roger* calls, what News you Sot,
Come see you Rogue what I have got.
For *Bacchus* still provides,
Brisk Wine, to stuff our hides;
Were I shut up, in Cellar deep,
I'de first be Drunk, before I'de Sleep.

You Lazy Dog make haste,
The Wine will spoyl and waste:
With good Sack, and Clarret I
Will for ever live and dye:
And from bung hole never stray,
Till thee and I, have luckt it quite away.

Chorus.

We'l Drink and Sleep, and then we'l love,
That *Bacchus* he,

May daily ſee,
The bubbing Glee,
Twixt thee and me,
And never will give o're,
Whilſt we good White or Clarret ſee.

SONG. 5.

On a Young Gentleman Kil'd in the laſt Engagement at Sea.

Tune of, Farewell my Armida, my joy.

POor [illegible]da in an Arbour lay ſleeping,
Drown'd in her tears, and ſurrounded with grief
She'd ſometimes be ſtarting, and then fall a weeping,
Blaming her Fate that deny'd her Relief:
And then ſhe began to unfold her ſad Tale,
And often with ſighings her Fate did bewail,
And at every ſigh, ſhe'd ſtill cry, ay me;
My deareſt doth lye Entomb'd in the Sea.

I lov'd him with paſſion, yet ne're let him know it
always returning his Love with diſdain,
So great was my folly, I never wou'd ſhow it,
Which woe is me, is the cauſe of my pain.
He grieved at his fate, and my cruelty too,
And vow'd he would bid me for ever adieu:
'Tis I am the cauſe of my hopeleſs eſtate,

And fain would repent, but alas 'tis too late.

Then deareſt *Palemon*, my tears do intreat thee.
Pardon my folly, 'twas I was in fault.
And though not in life, yet in death I will meet thee.
Knowing my fate has the deareſt been bought,
For thou in the bed of Honour did'ſt dye,
But I in the flames of Affliction muſt lye;
Repenting my fooliſh and diſmal diſdain,
Till death puts an end to my torturing pain.

SONG. 6.

Sir Grigory Cow T—— *on his Miſtreſs,* *Madam* Dowzabell.

Tune of, *To drive the Cold Winter away.*

I Now will not fail,
To tell you a Tale,
Of a Miſtreſs I had of late,
Which when you do hear,
I know you will ſwear,
She never yet had her mate:
Her beauty was ſuch,
Of which but a touch
preſent; the reſt by and by;
by which you will find,
both before and behind,

And one ſtood higher then to'ther:
One ſmall, to'ther great,
'Twas pleaſant to ſee't.
They were ſo like one another,
Sure ſomething was in't,
That when ſhe did ſquint,
You'd think ſhe lo k'd quite from you:
But there lyes the Jeſt,
When you thought upon leaſt,
She look'd directly upon you.

Her Noſe large and ſtrong,
And ſtood out ſo long,
Juſt like to a Promontory:
From whence ſhe wou'd drop,
Some Pearls from the top,
When ever ſhe came before ye:
So far did her Snout,
Alwas ſtand out,
Like the *Gnomon* on the Dial;
That when Teeth appear,
And the day be cle'r,
The hours of the day we may ſpy all.

YE ſome heretofore,
Said her Noſe was not ſore,
And often did put a flur on't:
But thoſe that do know her,
Will Sweer't can't be true,
Becauſe it is always Currant.

But

But one ſeeing her Noſe
And Chin, did ſuppoſe,
When firſt he look'd on her face,
That ſhe certainly drew,
Her pedigree true,
From Old Mother *Shiptons* Race.

Her Lips were as white,
As Silver out-right,
And ſtill their Colour did hold,
And thatch't they were ſo,
Both above and below,
With Hair to keep out the cold:
Her mouth was ſo wide,
From ſide unto ſide,
That a large penny-loaf would go
With much eaſe intoo't;
Being buttered to boot,
With the Cream that hangs thereto.

Nay, ſome do ſuppoſe
She deſcended was,
From the Sparrows by her Mother:
Becauſe that her Mouth
To tell you the Truth,
Did reach from one Ear to to'ther:
Her Teeth had the hue
Of a delicate blew,
And each from other did ſtand,
A pretty way out,

And fitteſt they are,
For the uſe they are for,
o warble it on her Cittern.

Her breſts they were flat,
becauſe they ſhould not,
Deſtroy her delicate frame:
For ſome of her Kin,
With Child oft have been,
Which much did impaire the ſame:
Plump-breſts ſhe do's hate,
Her's hang down in ſtate;
And each againſt other ſwags:
That ſome men have ſaid,
They did look indeed,
ike two empty Leather-bags.

Her back boye her Rump,
Is lovely and plump,
at ſome have her Credit defil'd:
by being too free,
In laying that ſhe
s always behind with Child,
but truly I don't
believe it: nor won't;
haps they may come to wooe her.
but if ne're can think,
In any mind to think,
any would offer it to her.

I can't ſay ſhe's grac't,
At all with a Waſt,
Yet ſcarce one among fifty,
But ſtraiter is lac'd,
So having no Waſt,
You'l ſay ſhe muſt needs be thrifty:
Of her Thighs ſhe boaſts,
Being like to the poſts,
Of a Wind-mill large and ſtout;
And the wind that do's come,
From her delicate bum,
Will whisk you the Sails about.

And then for the ſcent,
VVhen ſhe gives it vent,
Her B[illegible] will loudly puff,
[illegible] Hogo ſo ſtrong,
Tha[illegible]en, nor Tongue,
Is able to pra[illegible]t enough,
Indeed 'twas ſo ſweet,
That I think [illegible]eet,
To tell you when in w[illegible] were come,
Do all that we cou'd,
Twou'd adone on's heart good,
Then to be out of the Room.

You'l think it was ſtrong
VVhen it laſted ſo long,
That if you in two hours ſpace,
Had come in the Room,

You'd find the Perfume,
lmoſt as ſtrong as it was:
Nay, ſhe had ſuch an Art,
In Letting a F-----,
mean for the Noiſe and Smell;
Which if you did hear,
In that you wou'd ſwear,
he all her Sex did excell.

Her Legs are as ſtrait
As a Rams-horn: but yet
ome Men can not refrain
To ſay, She was born
By'r Legs, at the Horn
the middle of *Crooked-lane*.
When ſhe goes in the Town
She will popp up and dow
er pretty head, in the Streets;
That ſome did not ſtick
To ſay, ſhe had a trick,
o bow to all that ſhe mee

That ſlander's took off,
'Cauſe ſome Men may ſcoff
her, and ſay, ſhe's proud;
But if it were ſo,
Being handſome, you know
ittle pride is alow'd:
For pride in a woman,
You know is as common,

As Milk to a Suckling Babie:
Then pray give it o'te,
And ſlander no more
My *Mis*, that's as meek as may be.

And then for her Feet,
'Cauſe her Heels do meet,
Perhaps ſome Men may her flout:
But hark you, my Friend,
Thoſe that Dancing intend,
Their Toes muſt alwaies keep out.
Come ſtop not your Noſe,
Now I'am come to her Toes;
To ſay they ſtink. 'tis unmeet;
For I do proteſt,
I ſpeak't not in Jeſt.
They ſtink no more then her Feet.

Her Small was ſo bigg.
A Man burnt his Wigg
To try which was biggeſt about;
Her Calf and her Small;
And 'twas all,
T'was even from the Knee to'th Foot:
One bid her on Veal,
To Feed every Meal;
Which made her Worſhip to laugh:
Your reaſon quoth ſhe,
VVhy, truly ſayes he,
Twill make you increaſe in the Calfe.

Her Inſtep was low,
And thick, you muſt know;
And ſo was her lovely Shin:
Her Ancles were gone,
That the Devil a one,
Were on her Legs to be ſeen.
She ner'e gave warning
VVhen ſhe roſe i'th morning,
VVe knew't by'th ſmell preſently;
For the Hogo's ſo great,
But more if ſhe ſweat,
'Tis ſmelt ſome four Stories high.

A Neighbour did ſay,
She'd an excellent way
To Inrich bad Land that is Spent;
So much wou'd ſhe ſweat,
As ſhe walkt with heat,
To Lard the Lean Earth as ſhe went:
This I never knew;
But ſince it is true,
VVee'l Take a Farm that is Barren,
And inſtead of a Cart,
VVee'l Muck it by the art
Of my dear ſweet Maid Marrion.

Some think I her flout,
When I ſay ſhe's about
More then a large Cow in the waſt;
But hark you, d'ee hear,

You'd ſay if you ſee her,
My words are not much miſplac'd,
For my eyes are dim,
To compare with him
Who ſayes (which made me to laugh)
She was ſo big throughout,
One cou'd not go about
Her, at leaſt in an hour and half.

Nay, beſides all this,
(Which a happineſs is)
She is in chaſtity zealous,
Becauſe there's no man,
That poſſibly can
Of her, at all be jealous.
And laſt, for her Age,
I now will Ingage,
Shee'l bring ye Youth to content ye:
For her Neighbours ſay,
That at this very day,
She wants two years of twenty.

Now the queſtion is,
Since ſhe's ſuch a *Mis*,
Where I ſhould wooe her again;
For if I ſhould doo't,
I fear I may rue it,
She may be Debaucht by ſome Men:
But let come what will,
I will love her ſtill,

In ſpight of Father and Mother:
Nor will I ſpare coſt,
For if ſhe be loſt,
I never ſhall get ſuch another.

Thus the parts ye'ave heard tell,
Of my *Dowzabell*,
Which I have faithfully ſhown.
I hope in my Love,
No Rivals you'l prove,
But let me injoy my own:
For if I ſhould ſeek,
From week unto week,
In City or Country round,
For one of ſuch parts,
And excellent deſerts,
I know there's no ſuch to be found.

SONG. 7.

Here follows Madam Dowzabells *Retort to her Gallant, Sir* Gregory Gowtu----.

Tune of, *And this the Knave of Clubs bears all the sway*

YOung Ladies all, come liſſen a while,
I'le tell ye that will make you ſmile;
Had you but ſuch a Man, you'd Vaunt,
As I have now, to my Gallant,

For perſon, and great deſerts,
As you will find by's excellent parts.

And ſince I muſt deſcribe him well,
[illegible] for his body I can tell,
It looks juſt like a Barrel ſet
Quit up an end upon two feet;
Or like a Cloakbagg with a Hat,
With two ſtump feet, juſt under that.

And then for ſtature he is low,
Cauſe tall-men are not wiſe you know;
For th'upper-roomes of houſes tall,
Are furniſht ſtill the worſt of all;
So that you ſee by conſequence,
He muſt have ſtore of witt and ſence.

His Head it is o'th the largeſt ſize,
By which you muſt conclude he's wiſe;
For a great-head has little wit,
And a little-head has ne're a whit;
Which miſtery plainly doth us tell
That he in wit doth moſt excell.

His Haire is of ſo deep a red,
It ſtrikes the pureſt Scarlet dead,
And hangs as if his head were Crown'd
With Eilelocks, ſweetly dangling round,
And looks as if it twiſted were
By nature: for no Combe comes there.

His forehead is ſo very low,
You ſcarce can ſee his wrincled brow:
Some ſay he's beetle brow'd likewiſe,
Becauſe it hangs ſo o're his eyes,
For to defend him day by day,
From any harme may come that way.

His Eyes wou'd make on's own to dazle,
Cauſe one is gray; & to'ther Hazle;
So fine, ſo ſmall, ſo deep, ſo hollow.
You'd think his head his eyes did ſwallow,
From which profoundity doth come
A dayly creame, that ſticks like gumm;

His eyes are circled with a red,
So pure it ſtriks Vermilion dead;
By which, and ſmalneſs they averre it,
That he had eyes juſt like a Ferret:
So that at firſt they did deviſe
To call him only ferret eyes.

His face is round and Ovall too,
Yet like a Croſs in outward ſhow,
For's brow and chin are picked both,
But's Cheekes are of a luſty growth,
So high, ſo Plump, ſo round, ſo fair,
Juſt like a naturall Trumpetter.

Some have Noſes that are high
And ſome have Noſes quit awry,

And ſome broad noſes have, that are
Bucklers to the face, in time of ware.
He thinks all noſes a diſgrace,
Becauſe that his lyes flat to's face.

If any his is the ſnuffling noſe,
Cauſe when he tells his tale, he'll loſe,
No ſnuffling art, to helpe him out;
That thoſe which heard him were in doubt,
What Language he that time did ſpeake,
Nay ſome have call'd it Heathen Greeke.

And likewiſe by his breath he may,
A Trumpetter, be call'd they ſay,
Becauſe it is ſo wonderous ſtrong:
And holds it out ſo very long.
And thoſe which ſound a Trumpet well
Muſt have ſtrong breath we all can tell.

His Lipps they both are black and blew,
And never hair on ether grew,
One aſkt how chance the hair was miſſing,
He ſaid for fear't ſhould ſpoyle his kiſſing.
His Teeth when they appear'd in view,
Were of a comely watchet hew.

His Neck ſo ſhort you can't perceive it
Which maks me willing now to leave it,
And come unto his Armes which are,
So finely ſhott, you'd think they were

Like

Like two Bag-puddings: at which was
Hands that were like, a Beares two pawes.

And though his hands and fingers were,
So very ſhort: yet he had there
Such lovely Nails, for length: in lieu
Of the ſhortneſs of the other two,
Some two Inches were: yet I confeſs,
That ſome were more, and ſome were leſs.

His Back was round and wonderous high,
Much like a Globe to ſtudy by:
One which came out two ſplinter-bones,
Joyn'd at top, as't were for the nonce,
So that a paire (we might em call)
Of Compaſſes, to worke withall:

Nay ſome when firſt they ſaw his back,
Did ſay it was fitt to beare a pack,
And that he'd excellent porter make,
By's naturall Roul upon his back;
And others ſaid, which was much worſe,
That ſure a Camell was his Nurſe.

Sure he was not ſo very a Beaſt,
To ſuch another: yet i'th Eaſt,
Your Camells milk is good they ſay,
And drink't they do both night and day;
But howſoever one that met him,
Did think a Camell did beget him.

His Belly was so round about,
That half a yard t'is standing out,
That when he has a mind to dine
There is no place, for bread and wine;
And meat beside (it is no fable)
And serves him for an excellent table.

And when he is pleas'd to eate,
He will have every day fresh meat;
A Joynt or two, and that's the least:
Some times to three, it is increast.
And this must be the very cheef,
And lovely'st part of all the beef;

That is about the neck you know,
Whether it be, of Oxe, or Cow;
And sometimes for a second Course,
A large beasts liver: but never the worse;
Vnless this is not to be had;
Then with worse meat he will be glad.

All which he whipps up in a trice,
For he in's diet is nothing nice;
And yet these costly dishes must,
Be thrice a day provided just:
And at the close of every meall,
He eates a peck of Appls still.

Besides three pound of Suffolk Chees,
Not all at once, but by degrees;

And drinks but three times at a meale,
Twelve quarts in all, that's no great deale,
If more, he could not in have trol'd it,
For how cou'ds little belly hold it.

He Sings so sweet we all do know,
That if a peece of Ordinance goe
Off at that time, under your care
Yet if you did his Singing heare,
You'd find his loud inchanting voyce,
VVou'd drown that great, and thundering noise.

No Lyon sings so sweet as he,
Nor braying Asse more pleasantly;
Nor Bellowing Bull, or Lowing Cow
Does sing so well as he we know;
Nor houling Dogg, or grunting Sow,
Sings half so sweet as he does now.

His Thighs are wonderous bigg about,
And so'r his Leggs from knee to foot,
No difference is twix leggs and thighs,
Cause both are of an even size;
From the top of's thigh unto his foot,
The least part's half a yard about.

His Feet they are so very short,
VVe may compar'em in any sort,
Vnto a horse foot; as they say
Because his toes are worne away.

That

That when he's Pleas'd to walk about,
He ſtumps it quit the ſtreets throughout.

But when that you do ſee him dance,
You never ſaw the like in *France*,
For running bory, or corrant
You'l ſee the worth of my gallant.
He'd ſtump it out ſo rarely well,
That *Banks* his horſs, he doth excell.

But when you ſee him dance a Jegg,
Never was ſuch a nimble grigg;
More faſt then Snail he trips about,
Yet ne're in time or figure out;
He that dances the beſt in town can't,
Foot it ſo ſmooth as my Gallant.

Some ſay that he's an arrent Sott,
And ſo by that his credit ſpott;
Which may be a means to ſpile his match:
But I that ſtill do by him watch;
Can excuſe him, and ſafely ſay,
He's never drunk above twice a day.

Laſt I muſt Sound his Valour out,
For never man was half ſo ſtout,
No *Clineas* ever fought ſo well.
When he on great *Dametas* fell;
Yet they two were, I dare ingage,
The greateſt Champions, of that age;

Thus have you heard the ſtory true,
Of my Gallant and's vertues too;
How every vertue did him grace,
And every one, in there due place;
With all's parts, inward, and outward,
And's name's cal'd Sr *Grigory Cow-t*---.

SONG. 8.

The Shepheard, and the Milkmaid;

The Tune, *the* 4. *figure Dance at Mr* Youngs *Ball.*

I'le tell you a tale of my Love and I,
How we did often a milking goe;
And when I look't merrily then ſhe wou'd cry,
And ſtill in her fits ſhe uſ'd me ſo:
At laſt I plainly did tell her my mind,
And then ſhe began to love me,
I aſkt her the cauſe of her being unkind,
She ſaid it was only to prove me.

I then did give her a kiſs or two,
Which ſhe return'd with intereſt ſtill
I thought I had now no more to do,
But that with her I might have my will.
But ſhe being taught by her crafty Dad,
Began be to cautious, and wary.
And told me when I my will had had,

The

The divell a bitt I would marry:

So marry'd we were, and when it was o'r
I told her plain in the Parsonage Hall,
That if she had gin me my will before,
The Divell a bit I'de a marry'd at all.
She smil'd and presently told me her mind,
She had vow'd she'd never do more so,
Because she was cozen'd (in being to kind)
By three or four men before so.

SONG. 9.

A Shepheard to his Shepperdiss, and her answer.

MY Lovely *Philles*,
Since it thy vvill is,
To Crovvn thy *Damons* head vvith Daffadilies.
See yonder Hill is,
mine, my deare *Phillis*,
Which shall be all thine ovvn, not *Amarillis*.
Chorus. For this fooliſh Love, has brought me so
That I fear I shall dy if my *Phillis* say no.

Then be But kind to me,
And e're I'm joynd to thee,
All my flocks and my Lands shall be assign'd to
My faith I'le vovv to thee,
And promiss novv to thee,

that thou ſhalt deſire, I vvill alovv to thee.
horus. For this fooliſh &c.

know that wealth may prove,
ſt times a bane to love,
ut hope it never will, thy heart from me remove.
ly fleecy flocks thou knoweſt,
re not the leaſt nor moſt,
rue love I'de rather have, then in all riches boaſt.
horus. For this fooliſh love has brought me ſo low,
That I fear I ſhall dye if my *Phillis* ſay no.

SONG. 10.

Her anſwer.

MY deareſt *Damon* now,
I to thy will muſt bow,
nd for performance on't, I here do make a vow;
know that Hill is thine,
Which thou ſay'ſt ſhall be mine;
et tis not that which maks me now my heart reſign.
horus For this paltry love has ſo chang'd my mind,
I am certain to dye, if my *Damon's* unkind.

nd fore I am joyn'd to thee,
will be kind to thee,
Nor ſhall thy flocks and Lands, now be aſſigned to me.
now thy word will take:

And

And here a vow I make,
For to leave all men elſe, for my dear *Damon's* ſa
Chorus. For this paltry Love, &c.

No wealth ſhall make me prove,
Falſe to my *Damons* love;
And for [illegible]ators on't, I call the powers above.
In [illegible] Amity,
[illegible]cks ſhall joyned be,
[illegible]ugall knot is tyed twixt thee and me
[illegible]or this paltry love has ſo chang'd my mind
I am certain to dye, if my *Damon's* unkind.

SONG. II.

The diſcontented Milk maid.

Near to a Grove I chanc't to ſpy
A pritty buxome Country laſs;
I hid my ſelf i'th Grove there by;
Whil'ſt ſhe ſat milking on the graſs.
O me (ſays ſhe) with grief I ſwell,
Thus to be delay'd ſo long:
And to live a maid ſo long.
Vowing ſhe'd nere lead Apes in hell.

My mother was at fifteen wedd
And did o'th Marryage pleaſure taſte:
Ere ſixteen ſhe was brought to bed;

And I am ſeventeen now, and paſt:
Then did ſhe begin to ſigh and groan,
That her fortune was ſo bad,
And no comfort to be had,
Seeing ſhe ſtill muſt lye alone.

My Mother yet did ne're repent,
That ſhe married was ſo ſoon:
Then have not I my time miſſpent,
That thus have lain ſo long alone?
Then on her Mother rail'd, and ſaid,
Out upon theſe Virgin Beds,
There's no loſs in Maiden-heads,
Nor a greater curſe then dye a Maid.

SONG. 12.

On a Houſe-warming Feaſt.

THere is a place cal'd *Cannons-row*,
(Which moſt in *Weſtminſter* do know)
And in a Court within the ſame,
At *Segar Houſe*, ſo cal'd by name;
And 'twas upon the day thirteen
Of cold *December*, and between
The hours, I think of two and three,
A handſome Feaſt I chanc'd to ſee;
Which was, it ſeems, to entertain
Some pretty Ladies with their train:

There also was to attend 'em then,
Some young, but sober Gentlemen;
How young and sober, that's strange you'l say,
This Age affords no such every day:
But 'tis true, I do protest, or
My Dames had ne're came out a door,
And having then so brave a crew,
For Prettyes and humour too;
'Twas pitty but the Feast should be
Answerable to the Company;
And so it was: But yet before
I do describe the Dishes o're,
I must acquaint you with the cause,
Why that same Feast at that time was;
Some cal'd a Goodding, but I don't,
That word (by any means) approve on't:
But I must give't another name,
That's *Herrick Harming*; because they came
To Honest *Herrick* (who was indeed)
Their Master, that they all agreed;
Out of respect to him they bore,
For teaching them so well before,
To warm his House, as I remember
So't had need, 'twas in *December*;
And warm'd it was exceeding well:
And I the Dishes now will tell,
With Wine and other things were there,
In Ridling Terms, if you will hear.
The first Dish that up was brought,
Was three fat Hens (better fed then taught)

With lovely Bacon red as roſe,
And ſtore of Sprouts to attend thoſe,
Which fortified 'em ſo about,
Till that's deſtroyed, we got none out.
Next Diſh was three Duks, with Larks ſtore,
That in good Sauce was cover'd o're;
All which was put into a Tray,
Verne ſent 'em in that very day.

The next Diſh then Gods Beniſon.
Right on him for't, it was a Veniſon
Paſty, large, fat, and eke good cruſt,
Not with a Hogo, as ſome muſt
Have, to ſet it of, but very ſweet;
Which was the cauſe, it went ſo fleet
Of, that we all can boldly ſay,
That Pye went not a begging that day:
And when it came, 'twas piping hot,
But how 'twas ſent it, I've forgot,
Since I don't know, I need not pen it;
But now I think upon't, I ken it:
He's handſome, witty, and good humour too,
With for the reſt, give 'em their due.

Next was a large and goodly Pye,
Fil'd with a Gooſe was plump, and high;
With two Rabbets to keep him warm,
Like Gixzards ſtuck under each arm,
With Butter fil'd up to the brim,
That we believ'd the Gooſe did ſwim,

Now as well as when he was alive;
And 'cauſe the Rabbets could not dive,
And fearing that they then might drown,
Took 'em under's arms up and down:
For ſhe did ſwim when alive I'me ſure,
But to ſwim dead, I think that's more:
The largeneſs of it the Table grace't,
And cruſt as good as e're was taſte:
This came not from a High Land we know,
But from a *More*, that's always low
For Geeſe do gaggle, ſwim and graſe,
Still in *Mores*, both Nights and Days.

The next Diſh large was I confeſs,
With Tarts of all ſorts numberleſs,
That this time of the Year did afford;
And 'twas indeed a Diſh for a Lord:
They ſtood ſo fine in rank and file,
Which made a Souldier there to ſmile,
To ſee 'em marſhald in that manner:
Said, there wanted nothing but a Banner,
To make 'em a compleat Company,
The number being full to the eye:
This Diſh though't did the Table grace,
Yet it came from a *Fenny place*,
The Sugar ſo was cruſted on 'em,
Juſt like *Fens* when the Froſt's upon 'em.

The laſt Diſh, of which I now do treat,
Came not toth' Table with the Meat,

But 'twas with Diſh or Tarts ſet up,
Intil that they'd a mind to Sup,)
Was a Cake with Plums almoſt to the top,
Which made him blow that brought it up:
Twas cruſted ſo with Sugar round,
It lookt like Snow upon the ground,
That when we in our Knives did put,
We did that time an inch deep cut
In Sugar, e're we could come at
The Plums: that all which at Table ſat,
At firſt did think't all Sugar throughout;
But when they tryed the ſecond bout,
They found the Plums; which *Currant* were
Well waſht, and cleanly done I le ſwear;
Beſides with ſweet Meats was ſet round,
That ſcarce a vacant place was found:
This Cake in a *Smiths ſhop* was forg'd,
Which was ſo very big, it gorg'd
The Ovens mouth; they forc'd were tak't
Back again, or't had not been bak't:
For it was of ſo great a Size,
They were forc'd to make it Paſty wiſe;
And of the bigneſs of this Cake,
It may be ſome may think I ſpeak
Hyperboles now; far be't from me,
To ſpeak untruths, 'tis verity:
And my good Dame gave me piece on it,
That I three days did feed upon it.
And after they had danc'd their fill,
For Supper then they had a will;

Where that great Cake, and Diſh of Tarts
(Which equally was cut in parts)
Did feaſt ſome twenty Souls that day,
Beſides what each one car'd away.

And then there was ſuch Sider too,
That I do now proteſt to you,
All the Company that were there,
Said, they ſcarce drank better any where;
'Twas not of Pippins, or Pearmaine,
But that which came from Maidenlane,
But red ſtreak right; and 'twas ſo good
Appetite to get, and ſtir the blood,
An't can they ſay, as I do hear,
From's own Country *Hereforaſhire*;
But for his name I do proteſt,
I cannot tell which way's the beſt,
To deſcribe it te'e: but now I hat't,
His Surname now I think was that,
That was the *Conquerours* Chriſten name,
If *S* be added to the ſame.

As well as Sider, I now muſt treat,
Of excellent VVine, to this good meat:
There was a Gardiner to this crew,
Though none oth' grapes in's Garden grew;
Yet he at that time with his ſpade,
A Vintners Cellar did invade,
VVhere he digg'd out ſuch excellent VVine,
VVhich he with's pruning hooks did refine;

Of

Of which he then ſent in good ſtore
Of Bottles, more then half a ſcore;
VVho paid for it a luſty rate,
'Cauſe he'ed not hav't Sophiſticate.

The Poſtſcript.

Thus have you heard the Story now,
Of this *Houſe-warming Feaſt*. and how
'Twas then brought unto the Table,
(As well as I poor heart am able)
And when the Feaſt, and all was done,
The Gentlemen did every one,
VVhen the departing hour was come,
Attend the pretty Ladies home.

And for the Muſick that was there,
I can no price ſet on't, I'le ſwear
It was ſo good; who did that night,
(Becauſe the Moon did ſhine ſo bright)
Go out a Syranading then,
VVith all thoſe former Gentlemen.
And when they'd done, then back they came
VVhere every Ladies health by name
VVas drank, with great ſobriety;
And each bid other then God-buy.

FINIS.

SONG

SONG 13.

The decayed Lady.

The Tune: *When* Aurelia *first I courted:* Or, *To the Gavot.*

WHen first I saw my pretty *Molly*,
She had Youth and Beauty ſtore:
She was Witty, Lively, Brisk, and Jolly,
None cou'd Miſtris be of more,
But old Time has made a ſlaughter,
Of thoſe gloryes did her grace;
And in Liev thereof has brought her
Wrinkles, to ſupply their place.

She ith' Spring time of her glory,
Wore ſuch Charmes within her Eyes,
That but let her ſtand before ye,
She wou'd every heart ſurprize:
But when voice and Lute united
Were, they'd anſwer'd ſo in parts,
You'd think the Sphears were all Invited
Then, to Captivate our hearts.

Had you then at Court but ſeen her
Walk Corrant, or Bore run,
You'd think ſh'ad ſo much Life within her,

As

As if she had not danc'd but flown:
Old creeping Age alas! has
On her Face been too to bold,
Which she believ'd not, till her Glass has
Now confirm'd she's grown to Old.

Then my *Molly* I advise you,
Never think of Loving more;
For those Cullyes now despise ye,
That admir'd you heretofore:
That which erst did so allur'em,
Now's extinct, and fled away;
Nought but Treats can now procur'em,
For to make a Minuts stay.

SONG 14.

A Friends advice to the dispairing Lover.

PRethee *Damon*, why so pale,
Is't Love has brought thee to't?
If looking well will not prevail,
Sure, looking ill will never do't.

Then cheer up Boy, take my advice,
And drink a Glass or two
Of bonny Sack; 'twill in a trice
To admiration mend thy hue.

Well

VVell how is't now? come th'other Cup,
It 'gins to work a pace.
By that time half a score are up,
A Scarlet dye will cloath thy face.

Thy Countenance being thus refind,
Then to thy cruel Mis,
That Ruddy hue will change her mind,
And doubtless will return a kiss.

For fainting Looks all VVomen hate,
'Tis courage they admire;
And him they'l chuse to be their mate,
That's not compos'd of Earth, but fire.

For Sack is so Divine a thing,
Then which there's nothing better;
If 'twill from her no comfort bring,
'Twill make thee quite forget her.

SONG 15.

The Battle of the Verbes.

Ubeo commanded all the *Verbes* that they
Should meet together on a certain day;
Colligo gathers them; then *Duco* being made
Their Captain, them to fight doth lead:
Incipio doth begin the Battle; and

Valiant

Valiant *Pugno* fights him hand to hand;
Clango commands the Trumpet then sound out:
But *Clamo* he cryes all the Field about:
Poor *Timeo* is affraid: and *Fugio* shuns
The Battle: *Sequor* follows: *Curro* runs:
Cedo gives ground, which made bold *Juro* swear,
And often call'd for *Vocito* to haft the Rear:
Juvo though long at last doth bring him aid,
Yet *Amo's* being in Love made him affraid:
He then bid *Doceo* teach him how to wield
His Sword: Says *Lego*, 'twas read to him ith' Field:
And I says *Audio* then did hear the fame;
Troth says *Actuso*, then he's much too blame:
Induo was bid to put his Armour on;
And *Incito* to stir him up was wrought upon:
Immediately poor *Jugulas* throat was cut;
Says *Instigo*, he egg'd me on to do't.
Lateo lay hid behind a quick set hedge,
Which *Video* seeing, set his teeth an edge,
To make complaint: Says *Haurio*, you will draw
An *Odium* on your self; which when *Cerno* saw,
He bid *Lacesso* not provoke too much:
'Twou'd put, says *Pono*, courage in a Dutch-
Man in the next Line: *Liveo* then was beat
Quite black and blew, by *Retro's* back retreat:
And *Salio* then over the Ditch would leap,
But *Ajo* said it was too broad and deep:
Dimico in skirmish got two wounds that bled,
And at his feet poor *Morior* soon lay dead:
Sepelio buried him, *Fodio* digg'd his Grave,

And

And honeſt *Scribo* writ his Epitaph;
Which ſtir'd up *Excito* to fight again;
That *Voco* cal'd him valiantſt of Men:
Bleſs me, ſays *Beo*, how gallantly he fought;
And *Jubilo* for very Joy did ſhout:
Cado who e're he meet did beat 'em all;
And at the laſt he made poor *Cado* fall:
Candeo then began to look white with fear;
But *Horreo* dreaded nothing, as I hear:
Amplector ſay, I do embrace the fight;
And *Aperio* did open to the left and right:
Altercor 'gan to wrangle with them all,
Which made *Arceſſo* preſently go to call
Augeo; who did rather encreaſe, then ſtop
This Jarring: that it ſtir'd honeſt *Cieo* up,
To ſpeak to *Vulgo*, that he ſhould publiſh round
The Field, how that the Enemy then gave ground:
This made *Fremo* roar; and *Furo* to be mad
To follow 'em: But *Hortor* did exhort, that they
Shou'd not do't; yet *Propero* did haſt away:
Increpo began to blame him much indeed;
And *Jurgo* likewiſe did him ſoundly chide:
Then *Blatero* began to babble like an Aſs;
That *Calco* kickt him, as by him he did paſs,
Then *Cogo* ſwore he'd force 'em for to fight;
And *Cito* ſummon'd 'em all that very night:
Lugeo did mourn, and pray'd there might be Peace,
And *Cudo* coin'd a lye to make 'em ceaſe
Fighting: which made hairbrain'd *Execroy* curſe:
Then *Ejulo*, and *Ploro* too, did wail, & ſaid 'twou'd be
worſe:

Duro

Duro said, that he'd endure unto the end;
But *Damno* did condemn him for it, like a Friend:
Fingo did fein a lye, that he might be gone;
But *Censeo* did censure him for't, and every one
Besides: *Hio* began to gape for breath, they say;
And *Halo* wanted breath that very day:
Macto began to kill without remorse;
And *Paro* did prepare to meet his force:
Then *Paveo* dreaded, that this might mischief bring;
And *Pendo*, and *Pendeo* did weigh every thing
In the Ballance of Justice: Says *Oleo*, I smell
There's Traytors amongst us; Says *Tumeo*, I swell
With grief to think on't; and so did *Turgeo* too:
Says *Suspicio*, I suspect it as well as you;
And blam'd *Vitupero* much, that was the cause on't;
That *Volo* he was forc'd likewise to fly upon't:
Nego deny'd that he had any hand in it:
Says *Scrutor*, I'le search't out within this Minnit:
Trunco then did mangle all came near him:
And *Trudo* thrust so strong, that all did fear him:
Temno did despise all danger that might come;
And *Vibro* brandisht out his Sword, and lookt grum
Upon'em all: *Vito*, to avoid this storm,
Hid himself in a hollow Tree (poor Worm,)
And *Viso* likewise went to visit him there:
At last *Vulgo* publisht abroad where they were:
Rogo and *Peto* askt Pardon for their fault,
Because they fear'd they might be brought
To punishment: And *Quatio* 'gan to shake:
Ulciscor swore, that he revenge wou'd take;

Which

Which made *Ululo* houle for very grief,
Until that *Venio* did come to his relief:
Vindico did challenge any there to fight,
Which *Renuo* did refuse at the first sight;
Propago did shrink the fight for to prolong,
And *Probo* being then among the throng,
Did approve of what he said: and *Pareo* he,
Lay open to these slanders, which made him flee:
Repo did creep from thence into a Wood,
VVhich *Veto* forbid, saying, 'twould do no good:
Dormio then told 'em he must sleep a while;
Yes, yes, says *Umbo*, lye down on that pile
Of Bavins: Says *Exuo* then put of too
Your Armes: 'tis best says *Facio* so to do:
Says *Cupio* then, Faith now I covet drink;
I believ't says *Credo*, but where's the chink
To purchase it? Says *Do*, I give it him:
Come then, says *Pleo*, fill it to the brim:
Bold *Scindo* then was cut into the brain;
And *Fluo* swore the Blood flow'd out amain:
Says *Frico*, rub his Temples well be sure:
And I, says *Precor*, will pray for his cure:
VVhich made poor *Horreo* then to dread the fight;
And *Gaudio* did rejoice, when out of sight,
Gemo began to groan, being wounded sore;
Says *Bibo*, let him drink a little more
Oth' Cordial: but *Mutio* muttering by,
Frango did break his head immediately:
Foveo did cherish all this bleeding crew,
And *Nutrio* he nourisht some of 'em too:

Facio

Fatio did ſtink for fear, when he did ſee
Ferio ſtrike down another: And *Fugo* he
As well as his Brother *Fugio* flyes; and *Flo*
VVith fighting long began to puff and blow:
Fleo did weep extreamly, for to ſee,
Flagito to beg for's life ſo earneſtly.
I muſt confeſs that *Fatior* got renown,
And *Fatigo* was weary too, with looking on:
Fido did truſt to much unto his broken blade,
VVhich made *Feſtino* haſten to his aid:
Fallo did deceive 'em all, for when he found
The Bullets hiſs, he fell upon the ground:
That honeſt *Cogito* did think him dead;
Experior too did try to rub his head:
Doleo griev'd that Death ſhould thus o'retake him:
Yet *Expergiſcor* did at laſt awake him:
Exerceo then did exerciſe his crew;
But he like *Deſero* did forſake him too:
Feſto ſtood too't: *Advenio* then comes to him,
VVhich when *Obſecro* ſaw, he then did woe him,
To invade bold *Ingruo*; that *Scandeo* he
Did climb for ſafety up on Oaken Tree:
Then *Simulo* did counterfeit a wound or two:
Singultio likewiſe ſobbs to ſee him ſo.
Aro being dry, did wiſh his inſide wetter;
No matter, ſays *Ardeo*, you'l burn the better.
I was betraid, ſays *Prodo*, to this diſmal day;
Yet *Pruris*'s fingers itch to fight they ſay:
Pungo was prickt toth' heart, when upon him
Premo did preſs; yet *Vinco* overcame him.

Meo

Meo unto the Battle haſt doth make;
But *Deſino* doth the Field forſake:
Spiro to breath doth forbear to ſmite:
But crafty *Evito* doth eſcape the Fight:
Miror in wonder ſtanding much amaz'd;
And faint *Aſpicio* on the Battle gaz'd:
Supero did overcome who e're he meet,
And *Gratulor* did the valiant *Hero* greet:
Spero did hope, *Sperno* to put to flight;
And *Redeo* returned wounded from the fight:
Stringo did ſtrein himſelf to overcome
Bold *Pulſo*, who quickly ſtruck him down:
Then *Tono* thunder'd in with might, and main,
To help *Succurro*, which was almoſt ſlain:
Ferreo waxt hot, by all theſe great Allarms;
And *Fido* truſts more to his feet then Arms:
Luo diſcharg'd a Bullet then ſo right,
The Powder ſcorcht poor *Uſtulo* that night:
Luxo then did put his Arm quite out of Joint,
That *Ungo* was forc'd at laſt it to annoint:
Erro miſtook the place, and wander'd up and dow
And *Equito* after him, rod from Town to Town:
Coruſco Arms glifter'd in the Fight that day;
And *Mico*'s ſhin'd likewiſe, as ſome do ſay:
Metuo did fear to meet too, as I hear,
Yet at laſt with *Miſceo* mingled in the Rear:
And *Occulo* did hide himſelf behind a Tree,
Which *Monſtro* ſhew'd to all the Company:
Sad *Verto* turned from one ſide to the other;
And *Muto* chang'd too, as if he were his Brother:

Nuo did nod his head at some was there,
That *Neco* had almost kill'd him, when he came near:
But *Mulceo* did asswage his fury then;
And *Parco* brought forth Peace to all these Men:
And though *Congruo* did advise 'em all agree,
And allured *Lacio* of his party to be:
Yet *Cingo* girds his Sword about him then;
And *Jungo* joins with other Martial Men:
Auscultio hearkens what they mean't to do;
Emo buyes Armour to defend him too:
Titubo did stumble by his too much haste;
Vacillo stagger'd too, they strook so fast:
Ledo was hurt, and's Brother *Noceo* too,
And *Tucor* defends himself with much ado:
Tego was cover'd with a gallant Sheild,
Yet *Verbero* beat him so, he was forc't to yeild:
Plango did much lament his grievous chance,
Cause *Ico* smote him with his direful Lance:
Ruo did rush into that furious Fight;
Which did, they say, poor *Terreo* much affright:
Sarcio did patch his Armour, 'twas so old,
Which *Demo* took away, he was so bold:
Languco did languish 'cause his wounds were deep;
And *Serpo* from the Battle soon did creep:
Bold *Voveo* vow'd, that he'd have Armour none;
And *Obliviscor* too forgot to put his on:
Palleo lookt very pale, and wou'd a fled, but
Undaunted *Teneo* soundly held him to't:
Findo did cleave his Enemies scull that day;
Yet *Medior* made a shift to heal't, they say:

Formido did dread to come into the Fight;
And *Culpo* b'am'd him for't, they ſay, that Night:
Voco did call on *Vado* to go on:
Poor *Labo* fains; and *Taceo* caſt him down:
But *Recupero* did recover incontinent;
For *Spero* gave him hope, being almoſt ſpent:
As I live, ſays *Vivo*, *Statuo* did appoint
Me *Enſigne*, 'cauſe at firſt I did win't:
Noſco ſaid, he knew't: *Mentior* ſwore he lyed:
Then *Acuo* whets his Sword, that hung by's ſide:
Peace, Peace, ſays *Taceo*: *Sudo* ſweat for fear,
And *Surgo* roſe, and fled into the Rear:
Singultio then began to ſob, they ſay,
Becauſe *Provoco* challeng'd him that day:
Cubo fell down; and *Capio* did him take
Up again, when he could ſcarcely ſpeak:
Frœnaco then did gnaſh with's teeth ſo hard,
He drove away poor *Pello* from the Guard:
Come ſays, *Invenio*, I do clearly find,
Maneo did well to tarry ſtill behind:
For *Incendo* here has ſet us all on fire;
And I'le begin, ſays *Incheo*, to retire:
Oro prays heartily, that it may ſucceed;
I'le ſhew you a way, ſays *Indico* with ſpeed:
Conſulo's Councel they did not deſpiſe;
Condono ſaid, he'd pardon his Enemies:
Faſcino thought he was bewitcht he ſwore:
But *Sino* ſaid, that he had ſuffer'd more
Then all: *Impertio* did Impart it to 'em all;
And I command, ſays *Impero*, great and ſmall:

Obt

Obedio vow'd that he'd the first obey;
And *Moneo* did admonish the same way:
Nay, says *Narro*, I'le report it round the Field,
Nolo, though unwilling, yet at last doth yield:
And *Volo* was as willing, I do protest;
Yet *Malo* was more willing then all the rest:
I have a mind, says *Habeo*, for to join
With all this crew: and *Rego* says, he will resign
His rule: *Sto* was at a stand, and gaz'd about;
And *Certo* striv'd to draw this Rabble rout,
To some agreement: at last *Loquor*'s speech,
Did by degrees quite soder up the breach:
(Though *Predico* did preach before in vain,
And *Suadeo* did perswade with might and main:
And *Fungor* did discharge his duty right;
And he with *Unio* caus'd'em all unite:
And *Dico* said 'twas best from War to cease:
Last *Sancio* he establish did a Peace:
Though *Solvo* paid'em for their service done:
Then *Fugo* chid those from the Fight did run:
Finio the Battle ends: yet most do say,
Though *Facto* bragg'd, yet *Vinco* won the day:
Numero numbers all who that were slain;
And *Opto* wisht it might ne're be so again:
Parco was very glad that he was spar'd,
And *Partio* did devide the spoil was shar'd:
Irascor was angry, and began to fret,
Cause *Adsum* was not present when they met:
But *Salto* danc'd; and *Ludo* then did play
On's Instrument for Joy of that happy day:

'Tis best, says *Lavo*, wash our throats then cut 'em;
And *Tiado* knockt for Liquor, which was brought 'em:
Yet *Turgeo*, and *Tumeo* began to swell,
'Cause *Placeo* at the Peace was not pleas'd well:
Says *Veto*, *Jove* forbid that we again
Should fight: to which they all did cry, *Amen*.

SONG 16.

A Mock, to the Song cal'd Lay by your pleading. And to that Tune.

LAy by your fighting,
Misses are inviting,
All the Millitary Boyes,
To that they most delight in:
Small power the Sword has,
And on my word has,
Not so great a Privelledge
As Misses now afford us;
They kiss us, and clip us,
And still in pleasure keep us;
And in little while, of all
We have, will strip us;
They still will be kind too,
and are inclin'd too,
Pay what they borrow of you,
When the Devil's blind too.

All

All you Citty Blades too;
Leave of your Trades too,
Misses have a better way to Trade,
Which never fades too:
Trading is decaying,
Is your constant saying,
And that your Customers are
Backwards still in paying:
Then cleave to your Misses,
That the greatest bliss is;
And what you want in Purse,
You'l have it in Diseases,
They ne're will forsake ye,
Until they break ye:
Then hey for a Voyage too,
Virginea, or *Jamaica*.

Off goes the Gown too,
Law now must down too;
And every Lawyer must stoop
To's Mistris Frown too:
Nay, when they'r pleading,
And Law a reading,
If his Miss a *Caveat* put, that
Stops all proceeding;
If her credit fail Boyes,
You must put in Bail Boyes,
And from Fee simple, you shall
Tennant be in Tail Boyes;
Then by her weary tricks,

Which you'l think ayry tricks,
Till at last you'l Christen her by the
name of *Meritrix*.

SONG 17.

The praises of a Cobler.

The Tune: *And 'tis the Knave of Clubs bears all the sway.*

A *Cobler* is an excellent Surgeon,
Becausе his Neighbours will be urging
Him, to cure their Shoes again,
When they come into old Shoe-lane:
Which he can do with *Awl* his might,
And with his *Last* set 'em *upright*.

Then he, no Man is Schollar greater,
Becausе he is a great *Translator*,
And Stiches also for a Friend;
But must (alas!) be by *his end*;
So that themselves will *under ley*,
Rather then Friends should *tread awry*.

He in no Fish does deal at all,
But only Soles (both great and small,)
Yet loves *Plaise*, else how cou'd he sit;
Yet I ne're saw him eat a bit

On't

On't: and cures Soles that are decay'd,
That they (till next time) ſhall not fade.

When he has a mind ſome Fiſh to take,
He of his thread a Net will make,
And *Pitch* it ſtill, ſo excellently,
That no Fiſh can e're paſs by;
So that you'l ſay, the draught muſt *waxe*
The greater, when he up it takes.

Me thinks Death ſhou'd not a *Cobler* kill,
Becauſe he makes him *Soles* at will:
For Death has power on Bodies alone,
But the *Cobler* when the Sole is flown,
And ſunder'd from the Upper-leather,
'Tis he (not Death) muſt ſtitch't together.

He is a Man, will never be
Worſe then now you do him ſee;
For he is fit to be employ'd,
When places happen to be voyd:
Nay, the fitteſt in all the Land,
Becauſe he's ſtill o'th mending hand.

Thus you may ſee, the *Cobler* now
A Surgeon is, an Schollar too;
And though he ſeldom deals in Fiſh,
Yet when he pleaſe can have a Diſh:
For every Day he Soles doth make,
And Plaſe his breech doth daily take.

And that he's mending ſtill, and can
Make Nets as well as any Man,
And *pitch*'em too, better then many,
That they ſhall waxe the beſt of any:
And more then Death can do, you know,
He mends the Sole, which Death can't do.

SONG. 18.

Upon the taking down of the Kings Armes *in the* Rumps *time in the Year* 1649. *When inſtead of plucking down them, on the Gate of the Phyſick-garden in* Oxford: *they were ſuch excellent Heralds, that they pluckt down the Earl of* Danby's *Armes, who was the Founder there.*

IN *fifteen hunared forty nine*,
When Cavaliers were forc'd to dine
At Duke *Humphreys* Table ſtill
(But 'twas poor hearts againſt their will:)
A diſmal time, when *Rump* did fart yee,
A thouſand cracks 'gainſt Royal party;
And when *Kings Armes* were plucking down,
In every Citty, and in Town:
In *Oxford* Citty there's a place,
Cal'd *Phyſick garden*, and little ſpace
From *College Magdalen* doth ſtand;
(Well known to many in this Land;)
From *Maudlin bridge*, it ſtands Northweſt,

Sp

So that muſt be from it South-eaſt;
This is ſo plain you can not miſs it,
Then when yo're there you'l ſay this is it;
The Walls that do ſurround this place,
And Noble Gate, which do it grace,
And all the Land within the ſame,
For evermore will bear the name,
As being the particular Bount-
Ty, of that Noble *Nothern* Count,
Who to's Prince toth' laſt did ſtand by,
Cal'd *Henricus Comes Danby*:
This Gift, I ſay, was only his,
(For which no doubt he is in bliſs)
Unto the poor Univerſity,
Made ſo by'th *Rump*, the more's the pitty:
And firſt of all this *Rumpiſh* crew,
That then did there appear in view,
With others that he thither brought,
For to deſtroy, as then they thought,
Their Princes Armes, was a Collonel,
Who indeed was a Preacher, as well
As Souldier; and ſo he began
Then to preach to every Man,
His *Rumpiſh* Doctrine; and ſo bid
Them be valiant, and what they did
He would ſecure both great and ſmall,
By an Ordinance from his Maſters all;
An Ordinance it might be cal'd,
(Which oft the Cavaliers have maul'd)
By thundring of us out of Town,

From

From Poſt to Piller up and down;
But name of *Act*, it cannot bear,
Yet 'twas the Cor'nels *Act* I'le ſwear:
And with the Cor'nel there did go,
His Lievtenant Collonel alſo;
And Major too, and Captains ſtore,
And Enſigns, and Lievtenants more,
And of the County Comittee;
There were about the Number three,
With others at the Cor'nels call;
I think there was the Divel and all.

But now comes out a pleaſant Tale,
(If my Memory doth not fail)
Which in *Oxford* is very riſe,
For every Mouth, and true on my life:
On the right hand of that brave Gate,
Were *Kings* Armes plac'd in handſome ſtate,
And likewiſe Crown, and Garter too,
As 'bout the Armes they uſe to do;
O'th left hand was the Founders Armes:
Bold *Danvers*, who with loud Allarmes,
The *Iriſh* Rebels conquer'd ſo
In little time, he had no foe
To wreak his valour on; whoſe fame
Was ſpread abroad: that's very name
Would ſcatter all that *Kerniſh* crew:
But *Danvers* cry, away they flew:
And before he came from thence,
Forc'd'em to own their Natural Prince.

For which important Service done,
By way of Retaliation:
King James with tittle then did greet him,
of Baron *Danvers*; which did meet him,
For he came to kiſs his Hand, and's Son
Charles the Firſt; for other Service done,
Did Earl of *Danby* him creat,
And Knight of the Garter; (Honours great)
Yet none for him too great was thought,
Who for his Prince ſo bravely fought:
So that by this, I'de have you note,
He had the Garter round his Coat,
And Coronet alſo; which did make,
Among our Heroes the great miſtake:
Which made for what I do intend,
(And then I'le draw unto an end:)
Theſe gallant New made Gentlemen,
With the County Comittee then,
And others of that new Dubd-crew:
When both theſe Coats they chanc'd to view,
Like wiſe Men did with one accord,
Command the Armes of this brave Lord
To be pull'd down, Inſtead o'th *Kings*:
And ſo they flew, as 'twere with wings,
For to pull down as then they thought,
His Majeſties moſt *Royal Coat*;
Sure they were of Sences bereſt,
Not to know the right from the left.
That they were Schollars you can't deny,
'Cauſe in the Univerſity:

But we made such a smoke,
It did us e'ne choke,
Till we fell to cough ho, ho, ho, ho, ho,
Cough, ho, ho, ho.

He laid his sweet Mouth to my face,
And his Nose did drop on my chin,
Which brought me into the same case,
For a driveling I did begin,
And down it did run very low:
But the best, of the jest
Was, we cought out the rest,
And we cought out, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho,
Cought ho, ho, ho.

I puk't and my Lungs did heave,
And he poor Man held my head
Was so kind, that he did not leave
Until he had got me to bed:
Then down he came, and lay by me,
Therein he was kind enough:
We were each fourscore,
And cou'd do no more,
But did cough, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho,
Cought ho, ho, ho.

SONG. 58.

A Dieu fond World, and all thy wiles,
Thy haughty frowns, and treacherous ſmiles:
They that behold thee with their Eyes,
Thy double dealing will deſpiſe.

From the falſe World my deadly foe,
Into ſome Deſart let me go,
Some Gloomy melancholy Cave,
Dark, and ſilent, dark and ſilent as the Grave.

Let me withdraw, where I may be,
From thy Impertinency free:
There when I hear the Turtle groan,
How ſweetly would I make my moan.

Kind *Philomel* would teach me there,
My ſorrow pleaſantly to bear:
There would I correſpond with none,
But Heaven, and mine own breaſt alone.

SONG 59.

HOw bonny and brisk, how pleasant and sweet,
Were *Jenny* & I, while my passions were strong
So eagerly each others flames we did meet,
That a Minutes delay did appear to be long:
The vows that I made her, she seal'd with a kiss,
Till my Soul I had lost in a rapture of bliss.

I vow'd, and I thought I could ever have vow'd,
When beauty and kindness together I found,
So sweetly she look't, and so sweetly she mov'd,
That I fansied my strength with my joys to abound
The pleasure I gave she did doubly requite,
By finding out ever new ways for delight.

At length when enjoyment had put out my fire,
My strength was decay'd, and my passion was done
So pall'd was my Fancy, so tame my desire,
That I from the Nimph very fain would have gone
Ah *Jenny* said I, we adore you in vain,
For beauty enjoy'd doth but turn to disdain.

FINIS.

SONG.

SONG 60.

A Mock Song to Cellamina of my heart, none shall ever bereave me. And to that Tune.

Moll, I nere yet knew thy mind,
Once again I'le prove thee;
If thou wilt but be so kind,
To kiss me twice or thrice behind,
Faith Ile ever love thee.

Tom, I'me Ignorant I vow,
Which way to come to it,
But if you the way will show,
First kiss mine; then I shall know
The better how to do it.

We'l draw Cuts then if thou woo't
Now, within this Minute,
And when we have drawn the Lot,
They that have the shortest Cut,
They shall first begin it.

Hang your Cuts, do you begin't,
You're the first did move it,
And when I see you doo't in Print,
Sure you'l think the Devils in't,
Should I not approve it.

SONG 61.

A Mock to that against Marriage, Called out of pure, and arrant Devotion.

Out of my chaft, and good intent,
In Marriage now my life shall be spent,

'Tis the end of Debauchery, the beginning of pleasure,
The preserver of Youth, wit, vertue, and treasure,
And there's no danger of a troublesome Night,
Or occasion with Constable, or Watch-men to fight;
And so equal a thing is the Marriage Notion,
That from years end, to years end, it keeps the same motion;
For in Wenches and Cracks there's a great deal of trouble;
Their Hectors they huff you, & make you their buble;
The wenches they cheat, make you pawn cloak, and (hat,
To find Money only to give you a clap,
That's so hard to be cured: there's no more to be said
Keep close to your Wife, and enjoy her in Bed.

SONG

SONG 62.

A Mock to, Let's laugh and be merry.

LEt's away from the Tavern, and not be so mad,
To be drunk every day, now the world is so bad,
And run after Wenches i'th Park or the Fields,
To waste our Estates, when no profit it yeilds:
But now we grow far wiser, then e're we have been,
And upon all occasions in our Shops to be seen:
For he that spends Money, on Wenches and drink,
May starve without coin, when our pockets do chink.

SONG 63.

POx take your humours Maddam, don't believe,
'Cause you frown, I'me such an Ass to grieve;
'Cause I have got a foolish trick to prate,
And call you handsome, must you put on state;
Sometimes I rant it higher; and compare
Your Eyes to Stars, the very Angels Livery; swear
You out vie the Sun in his defusive way;
Come don't believe all is true I say;
I ne're could take such pleasure in a kiss,
Nor in a smile conceive so great a bliss:
Nor e're could [illegible] all the sweetness, which the Air
Drew from your breath, unless your hair

Were powdred: I've a Critick guess, and can allow
A counterfeited wrincle on the Brow;
Provided it be to prepare a light
To sweeten joy, and relish Appetite:
But if you frown in earnest, when I wooe
And serious are: by *Jove* I can do so to.
Take heed, this do not bring you to that pass,
That all shall scorn to Court you, but your Glass:
Then you with sorrow may your shadow tell,
You had a Servant once that lov'd you well:
Till your own folly lost him: then be sure,
If you'le be lov'd by me, with Love that's pure
And shine as glorious as you did before;
Henceforth be wise, and anger me no more.

SONG. 64.

LOng since fair *Clarinda*, my passion did move,
Whilst under my friendship, I conveyed my love
But now I must speak, though I fear tis in vain,
Tis too late in my Death to dissemble my pain
In telling my Love, though I fear I shall deny,
I shall ease my sad heart, and more quietly die.

But sure by my eyes, you my passion may find,
No Friendship e're Languisht, or lookt half so kind,
Though I said not I lov'd, you might see it so plain,
Friends us'd not to sigh, or to speak with such pain:
Each touch with her hand, such warmth did inspire

My

John Burnaby

My face was all Feavor, my heart was all fire.

My thoughts are so tender, my Tongue cannot tell,
What bliss would be your's, if you lov'd half so well
Let the the thing with the Title or property prove,
Let him have the show, and me have the love:
I have lov'd you so long, that if you delay,
You will owe me so much, that you never can pay.

SONG. 65.

WHat a Riddle is Love, if thought on aright,
'Tis mirth mixt with sorrow, & pain with de-light,
'Tis a pleasant Disease, and delicate smart,
At once the vexation, and joy of my heart.

For this Signal Grace to the world I declare,
In Earth, Heaven, and Hell, Lov's power's the same,
No Laws there, nor here, no Gods so severe,
But Love can repeal, and Beauty can tame.

SONG. 66.

WHen on my sick-bed I Languish,
Full of sorrowful Anguish,
Fasting, Gasping, Trembling, Crying,
Panting, Groaning, Speechless, Dying;
My soul just now, about to take her flight,

Into

Into the Region of Eternal Night;
O tell me you,
That have been long below,
What shall I do?
VVhat shall I think, when cruel Death appears,
That may extenuate my fears?
Me thinks I hear some gentle Spirit say,
Be not fearful, come away:
Think with thy self, that now thou shalt be free,
And find thy long expected liberty:
Thou mayst, but worst thou canst not be,
Then in the Vale of tears, and misery:
Like *Cæsar*, with assurance then come on;
And unamaz'd attempt the Lawrel Crown,
What lyes on th'other side Deaths *Rubicon*.

SONG 67.

Philander, and *Sylvia*, a gentle soft pair,
VVhose business was love, and kissing their care,
In a sweet smelling grove went sighing along,
Till the youth gave a vent to his heart, by his tongue:
Sylvia, said he, (and sight as he spoke)
Your cruel resolve, will you never revoke?
No never, she said. How never! he cry'd,
'Tis the ill that shall only that Sentence abide.

SONG 68.

FAir *Celia* too fondly contemns those delights,
wherewith gentle Nature hath softned the nights:
If she be so kind to present us with power:
The fault is our own to neglect the good hour:
Who gave thee thy beauty, ordain'd thou shouldst be
As kind to thy Saves, as the Gods are to thee.

SONG 69.

The Gadding Gallant.

To the Tune of, *She lay all naked in her bed.*

WHy should'st thou say *Arinda*, I
Have been untrue to thee?
Thou knowst a week I did comply,
And was thy Votary;
Which was a tedious time to me,
Because that heretofore
I ne're did stay
Above a day,
Nor ne're intend it more.

Do but observe the industrious Bee,
Who after every shower,

Will

VVill swiftly fly from Tree to Tree,
And sip at every flowre:
VVere she confind'd to one alone,
The pleasure would be void:
But being free
VVithal, you see
The Fancy nere is cloy'd.

Likewise I pray what he or she,
VVhither of Flesh or Fish,
VVou'd be content perpetualy,
To feed upon one Dish;
Too much of one things good for nought,
And dulls the Appetite;
And all agree,
Variety
Do's raise it to the height.

Besides *Arinda*, know that change
Is now the only mode,
And every one delights to Range,
And make their Meals abroad;
Then why should I be ty'd to one
Since all are free beside,
Yet thoud'st have me
Be fixt to thee,
As if thou wert my Bride.

SONG 70.

Tune is, *'And 'tis the knave of Clubs bears all the sway*

I Sing of Sciences which late,
To *Engliſh-men* has brought of late;
And though from forreign parts they came,
Yet we have all embrac'd the ſame.
And now have fixt them ſo well here,
They're all a mode de *Angliterre*.

Firſt Boys, if thou haſt ſtore of Chink,
And haſt a mind to learn to drink,
Although the *Dutch-men* ſhew'd the way
To tipple Brandy Night and Day;
Yet we the knack on't now have here,
'Tis all a Mode, &c.

Haſt thou a mind thy time to paſs,
With a Mis or pretty Laſs,
And though the *French* at firſt did ſhow
The way to all, yet you muſt know
We now ſo much eſteem it here,
'Tis all a Mode, de *Angliterre*.

Haſt thou a mind to learn to Swear,
The wickedſt Oath that ever were,
Though the *Germans* it began,
We now do ſwear, and curſe and ban;
'Tis pleaſant grown to every ear,
And all a Mode, &c.

Haſt